Week ending September 24 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

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ROSE OF SHARON

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EDITORIAL

The air-bus age

WHEN it was first proposed that helicopters should fly in and out of Central London, there was a howl of rage. They were dangerous, said the critics, and they would be so noisy that life would become unendurable for dwellers in Lambeth and Westminster.

So plans to make a helidrome on top of Charing Cross Station or Waterloo were shelved. Only after three years of wrangling were B.E.A. helicopters, encumbered with heavy floats, allowed to use the South Bank—on condition that they kept to the winding course of the Thames.

Half a summer's experience of the regular B.E.A. helicopter service to London Airport has shown that they are no more of a nuisance than motor-cycles, lorries in low gear, or planes flying high.

THERE is now no reason, apart from cost, why Britain should not have the advantages of direct flight from town or city centre to airport—or to other city centres. The South Bank service, though uneconomic, has opened people's eyes.

PRINCE PHILIP
Champion of helicopters

Between sixty and seventy towns, few of which can afford a regular airport, want to find themselves helicopter landing places. Stafford, Northampton, Leicester and Coventry are among them. Birmingham Corporation thinks of a landing platform over the central goods station. Cannock may choose a central park. Matlock, hemmed in by hills, may use gardens.

But all this enthusiasm and forward planning will be wasted unless the aircraft industry, with its indirect government subsidies, shows more enterprise.

Prince Philip, who is so keen on helicopters that he is now learning to fly one himself, says: "I hope it will not be long before helicopters designed and built in this country are used in large numbers all over the world."

AN admirable sentiment; but it is not being backed up by the authorities. True, the government has at last ordered a hundred machines for the navy and the R.A.F. But the Civil Aviation Ministry still sticks grimly to its rule that only twin-engined aircraft are suitable for town-to-town services. Yet there is none available. The Bristol Aeroplane company has made a possible eighteen-seater prototype. The Fairey company has plans for another. That is all.

Mr. Peter Masefield, chief executive of B.E.A., said recently that it may take another ten years to develop the economical fifty-seat machine he wants. But in November Mr. Masefield leaves B.E.A. to become managing director of the new Bristol Aircraft Company. That will be his opportunity. The construction of a safe, roomy helicopter should be one of his first jobs.

Then the age of "air-bus" travel for all will come quickly—and Britain will benefit more than most other countries by it.

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FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THIS WEEK'S COVER: 6.
GUESS WHAT?: 42. IT'S THE CUSTOM: 47.

OUTSTANDING quality and value have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage—it stands in a class by itself.

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Medium size tin costs only **2/6**

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
SEPT. 24 1955 VOL. 98 NO. 2569 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

His house costs more and more

WHENEVER Mr. Butler raises the Bank Rate to stop inflation, he gives me and millions of others the urge to ask for more wages.

The reason is simple. The only form of hire purchase I indulge in is to buy my house on mortgage. This is hardly a luxury, but the interest on my loan from the building society goes up like the interest on any other hire purchase.

The latest increase in my mortgage interest will cost me more than £24 a year. If the Bank Rate goes up to six per cent, I shall probably be paying £72 a year more altogether.

I want to know why "dear money" should apply to essentials like housing.—C. CLIFF, Southend.

"Our financial policy is not tied directly to the Bank Rate," says a building society official, "but when we are forced to pay more to attract investors we have to balance the budget by charging borrowers more."

Not Guilty

SINCE myxomatosis hit rabbits, foxes have attacked lambs and even calves. It is also possible that badgers have been forced to rely more and more on wasp larvae, and may have caused the lack of wasps.—R. MEPHAN, Crowborough, Sussex.

"Badgers are not responsible for the wasp scarcity. Bad weather last summer left a shortage of queens," says an entomologist.

Mighty Midgets

I DO not think that the British are conceited in the way that C. T. J., our American visitor, suggests ("Free Speech," September 3), and certainly it is ridiculous to compare the size of populations in sporting events.

Of course we feel upset when we are beaten at football—the game we taught the world. How would C. T. J. feel if Europe trounced his national side at baseball? — H. HARDY, London, N.W.1.

. . . Has our American friend never heard of "the thin red line," or of "the Few" who won the Battle of Britain?—R. B., Morley, Yorkshire.

. . . It is not the size of the dog in a fight, but the size of the fight in the dog that counts.—D. POMFRET, Atherton, Lancashire.

Liquid Diplomacy

I WAS most interested to see that you are publishing Peter Goullart's adventures in Likiang. I ran across him in Haiphong, Indo-China, in 1939. He was on his way to Chunking and had taken under his wing a group of missionaries who had been waiting for weeks for the French Customs to pass their baggage.

The missionaries could only speak English; Haiphong was in chaos and the Customs officials were overworked and unusually temperamental. Neither they nor the missionaries could understand each other.

Goullart fixed things in twenty minutes by taking the chief Customs man into the nearest bar with the missionaries—who were teetotallers—and buying everyone aperitifs. I heard later that he persuaded the missionaries to celebrate their escape on champagne, by assuring them it was mineral water. Where is he now? —C. E. CHARLES, Winchester.

Peter Goullart left Singapore recently to take up a post with the Co-operatives Department in Kuching, Sarawak. "Forgotten Kingdom" begins on page 30 this week.

Master Sculptor

WALKING on the beach beneath the Seven Sisters rocks, in Sussex, my friend found small chalk boulders with holes drilled through them, caused by round pebbles forced through the soft chalk by the tides. He took a couple home to his London

studio, where he put them on the mantelpiece. The next day two young "modern" artists saw them. "Wonderful!" they said. "Who was the sculptor?"—H. DODD, Polegate, Sussex.

Grandma Wins

IN spite of the letter on kitchen economy ("Free Speech," September 3), my money goes on my old grandmother. When preparing for a meal, she would walk to her sturdy deal-top table, open a substantial drawer at the side, and from their respective compartments produce tablecloth, table mats, knives, forks and spoons, and the carving set.

I think she would call her method "no time and little motion."—C. D. TODD, Norwich.

Ghost Shoes

THE other day I watched a girl in a bus queue quietly slip off one shoe after another, to rest her feet. On the bus I saw her remove both shoes, and waggle her toes luxuriously. But when she reached her destination both of the precious shoes were missing. The motion of the bus had caused them to "travel," and I could not suppress a smile at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

COMING SOON TO JOHN BULL

WHALE HUNT

Ross Cockrill's antarctic adventures pursuing the richest prize of the world's most dangerous seas

Full details next week

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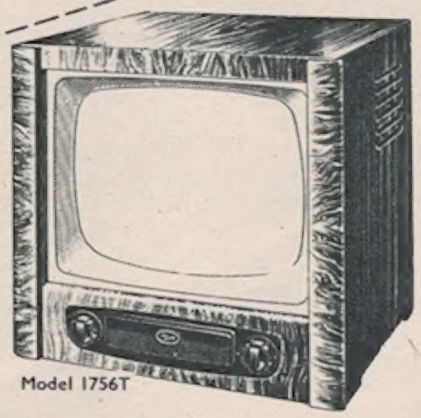

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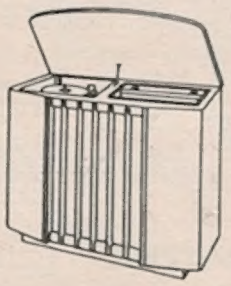

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

girl's embarrassed appeal — "can anyone find my shoes, please?"—G. MORRISON, Falkirk.

Dear Mouthful

IN the season when eggs are plentiful they should be dried and packeted, for sale to housewives when fresh eggs are scarce and dear. At present, with bacon at 5s. a pound and eggs at sixpence each, breakfasts are in danger of dying out.—P. G. SUTHERLAND, Halton Camp, Bucks.

"Chilled eggs for sale out of season are about as good as fresh ones," says a wholesaler. "Dried eggs cost dollars."

Lightweights

AN American friend says that in the United States the emphasis is all on light-weight trains, and that the latest model—a ten-coach electric train to carry four hundred people—is more than fifty per cent lighter than

New American lightweight train

usual, and is expected to cut operating costs by sixty per cent. British Railways should experiment with similar trains.—G. A., Grimsby.

"Our fifteen-year modernization plan includes provision for 4,600 lightweight vehicles, made largely of alloy, to form into diesel trains of up to eight units," says British Railways. "Already these coaches are in use in the West Riding, Cumberland, Lincolnshire and East Anglia."

Rights of Way

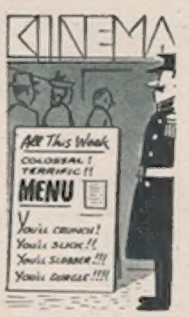
ON holiday at Helmsley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, we saw a signpost saying "Footpath to Rievaulx Abbey." We followed the notices on gates and trees, but finally gave up when we came to a sign in the middle of growing crops.

In the village I was told that the government ploughed up the path during the war, and it is now part of a farm. But the notices cannot be taken down—indeed they were freshly painted—because one public-spirited man still walks the path once a year, to preserve the right of way.

Surely this path should now be restored to the walkers.—MRS. E. STANIFORTH, Anlaby Common, Hull, Yorkshire.

Many farmers sow over public paths, for the sake of convenience, on the assumption that people will trample down the corn where the path lies. A national census of rights of way has been in progress for several years.

Litter Lesson



PERHAPS the worst breeding ground for litter louts is the cinema, which allows its patrons an orgy of smoke puffing, chocolate, sweet and nut chewing, ice-cream licking and soft drink sipping without providing means for disposing of the refuse. Canvas bags on the backs of seats, or a large paper bag for each patron, would help to encourage the habit of tidiness.—H. W. CLARK, Rainham, Essex.

"Paper bags would themselves be thrown under the seats," says a cinema administrator. "Containers on the backs of seats would probably infringe laws concerning the spacing between rows."

Run Softly

IF manufacturers of cars and refrigerators are compelled to fit TV suppressors the same regulations ought to apply to the makers of other electrical goods.

The new law puts responsibility upon householders at a cost of about £1 for each electrical machine in the home. Again it is the public who suffer for the idiocies of Whitehall.—J. BAGGALEY, Syston, Leicestershire.

"We have been fitting suppressors for some time," says a large firm of manufacturers, "and public demand will probably guarantee that all manufacturers do so. The problem lies in the older machines, which only their owners can suppress."

Noteworthy

NOW that we have a combination of high wages, high prices and a £1 note of small value, I think it is time that £2 and £3 notes were issued by the Bank of England.

The £5 note is useful to have but unwieldy to handle, and it is regarded with suspicion.—J. W. BIRD, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

In November, 1953, it was stated in the House of Lords that 34 million £5 notes were in circulation. There was "no real evidence" of public demand for £2 or £3 notes. In the House of Commons, in February of this year, it was said that the issue of notes worth £2 10s. would not be undertaken.

Homes First

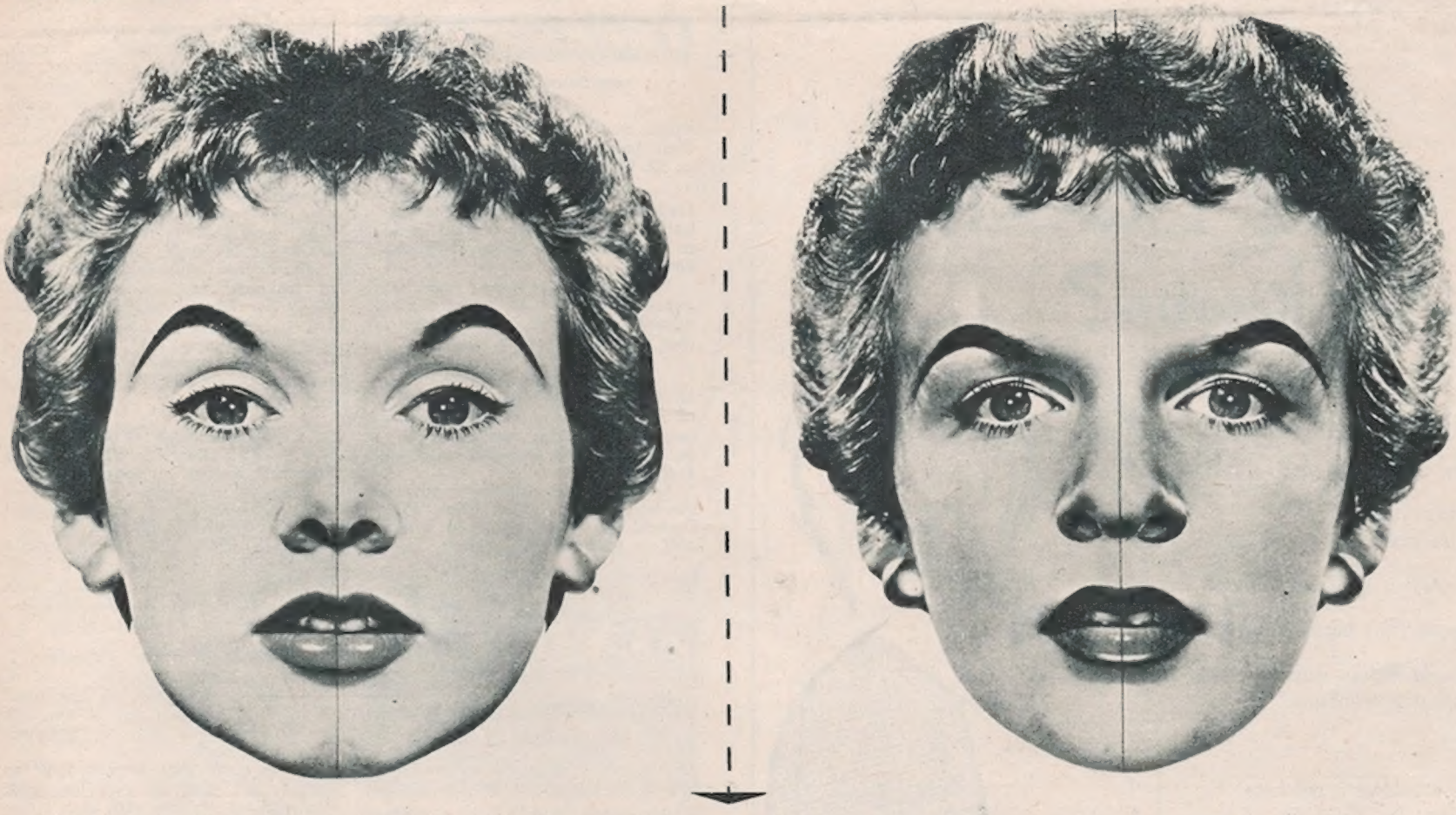
ALTHOUGH it is important that the British Museum library should have extensions (JOHN BULL editorial, August 27) it would be wrong to turn a thousand people away from their homes.

It should not be impossible to find another site in the Hendon district

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS WEEK'S COVER

NO ONE WANTS to pose when Father gets the camera out after tea, but the picnic snapshot is always worth while. First, of course, the children have to be cleaned of their sticky camouflage of honey and gorse, and the baby has to be captured before she sidles off into the undergrowth. The photographer waits patiently for playful pups and persistent passers-by to disappear from the viewfinder. And then the sun goes and hides behind a cloud. "Finally," says cover artist Ostrick, "Father despairs of ever getting everything right and gives the camera shutter a hopefully haphazard click. It nearly always turns out to be the happiest picture of the year."



Are you two people ?

The two sides of your face reflect the two sides of your nature—the negative side which makes you wish to follow the crowd, and the positive side which makes you *different* from other people.

The positive side is the *real* you, the side that makes you a *person*. You're happier when you express this side, even in little things. To an individualist, there's a kick in asking for a cigarette that isn't smoked by the crowd. There's an extra kick when that cigarette costs him no more than the next man's—which is true of State Express "THREES." State Express understand the making of good cigarettes, understand the subtle needs of the discriminating palate, understand, indeed, why most of the individualists' keenest satisfactions are "acquired tastes". Smoke "THREES" for a week; you may find them the cigarette of a lifetime.

EXPLANATION

By a trick of the camera the same face can be composed of two left sides or of two right sides, instead of a left and a right as in nature. To the Physiognomist, these photographs shed an interesting sidelight on one's character.

T.2.

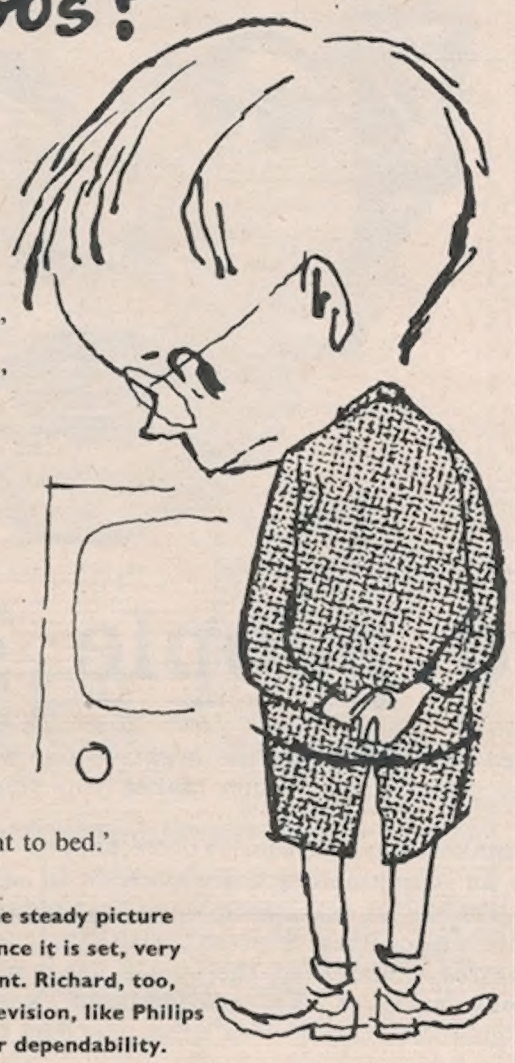
STATE EXPRESS

'Three Threes'

made for the individualist

1/9½ for 10 • 3/7 for 20

Why can't I twiddle the knobs?



'Because I say so.'

'*Why do you say so?*'

'Because it spoils the picture.'

'*Why does it spoil the picture?*'

'Because . . . because it *does*.'

'*I thought Philips was the* DEPENDABLE *television.*'

'It *is*.'

'*Then why does it spoil the picture when I twiddle the knobs?*'

'Because that's not what the knobs are for.'

'*What* are *the knobs for, then?*'

'Richard, it's time you went to bed.'

Mother is quite right. The steady picture on Philips Television, once it is set, very rarely needs adjustment. Richard, too, is right—Philips Television, like Philips Radio, is known for dependability.

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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

which would not dispossess people of their homes and business places. — A. D. CORRICK, Bournemouth.

. . . The British Museum should take the lead in the microfilming of bulky volumes, rather than seeking to expand.—W. SMITH, Ightham, Kent.

"We are microfilming our newspaper stocks," says a Museum official, "but it is a tremendous job that will take years to complete."

Precious Village

MOTORING through Finchingfield, in Essex, for the first time, I was impressed by the ancient charm of one of the most unspoiled villages in England.

Apart from its pleasant position on the banks of the River Pant, Finchingfield has an old windmill, a guildhall, a part-Norman church, an old

Tudor house, and hardly a cottage lacking in charm. No wonder nine well-known artists live there.

Yet I learned from villagers that Braintree Rural Council has plans to build a row of unbecoming council houses in the village—a proposal that should be resisted.— MRS. A. PEARSON, Margate, Kent.

The Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the Royal Fine Arts Commission have both taken up the matter with the rural council.

Four Virtues

AS a probation officer, I agree that few churchgoing youngsters "go bad" ("Free Speech," August 27). I would say that eighty per cent of delinquents have no connection with any form of religion, personally or through their families.

If more time and attention were devoted to teaching the four principles of Christianity—honesty, purity, love and unselfishness—then we should have far less juvenile delinquency.—A. RANSON, Stalybridge, Cheshire.

Cold Water

OPEN-AIR swimming pools are scarce ("Free Speech," August 27) because they are terribly expensive to build, running costs are enormous and the profitable season is five months at the most. One good summer doesn't make Britain a good prospect for outdoor pools.—ENA M. TOMLIN, Leicester.

NEXT WEEK: A JOHN BULL BOOK CONDENSATION

THE NAVY'S HERE!

The first full authentic story of the dramatic rescue from the Altmark

Further details on page 27

Omnipresent

WHY are people so eager to proclaim the futility of learning a "dead" language ("Free Speech," August 27)? Although its ancient form is no longer spoken, Latin survives and is prominent in many tongues. French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, not to mention Rumanian, are based on Latin, and these are more easily mastered by anyone familiar with the mother tongue. — P. DIXON, Ilford, Essex.

"Four 'streams' of Latin, from Roman times to the sixteenth century, helped to mould English so that today Latin is the main ingredient in our language," says an expert. "Apart from hundreds of thousands of technical and legal terms, and many everyday words in which the Latin origin is disguised, we also commonly use a host of unaltered words like omen, index, alibi, tandem, junior and senior, maximum and minimum."

Grim But Warm

I SUGGEST that Mrs. Smith ("Free Speech," August 27) should compare Edinburgh with other cities before she condemns it. I was impressed by the cleanliness of the roads and pavements there, although admittedly the stone houses looked a little grim. But how cosy and warm they were inside, with their double doors!—D. G. THOMAS, Bromley, Kent.

Trick Of The Trade

IF artist Ronald Lampitt tried to drive the load of hay on the JOHN BULL cover (August 27) at the first bump he would have it wrapped around his neck.

These farm jobs always look so simple, but even an everyday task like loading a trailer with hay, straw or corn must be done in a scientific manner. Any old farmhand will tell you that hay has got to be "tied in" properly—not with string or rope, but by building up the bales or sheaves to overlap like the bricks in a wall. — MRS. S. CLAYDON, Hand-smooth Farm, Ipsden, Oxfordshire.

Happy Holiday

WITH 159 other Renfrewshire children I spent a fortnight at Aberfoyle, in the Rob Roy country, together with a party of Danish and Norwegian children.

Their girls were picturesque in traditional costumes and summer

dresses, compared with our prim Scots lassies in their school uniforms.

The holiday was very successful, and we learned a lot about the customs, folk-lore, songs and dances of our visitors.—J. S. BOYLE, Paisley, Scotland.

Greeks Only

NO Armenian could possibly be called Andigone ("Cyprus, The Turbulent Island," August 27) because this is a Greek name. It is true that biscuits are a luxury in Cyprus—I make my own when I am there. But a good everyday table wine can be bought for about a shilling a bottle, cucumbers cost three halfpence and tomatoes are twopence at the height of the season.—J. P., Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire.

Westminster Follies

I AGREE with your editorial, "Fetters on Freedom" (JOHN BULL, September 3). But why not carry democracy even farther? Our M.P.s and noble Lords should follow the example of the parliaments in Australia and New Zealand, which allow their proceedings to be broadcast.—A. CHILDE, Hove, Sussex.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

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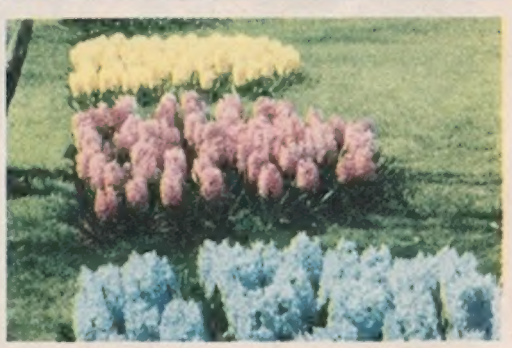

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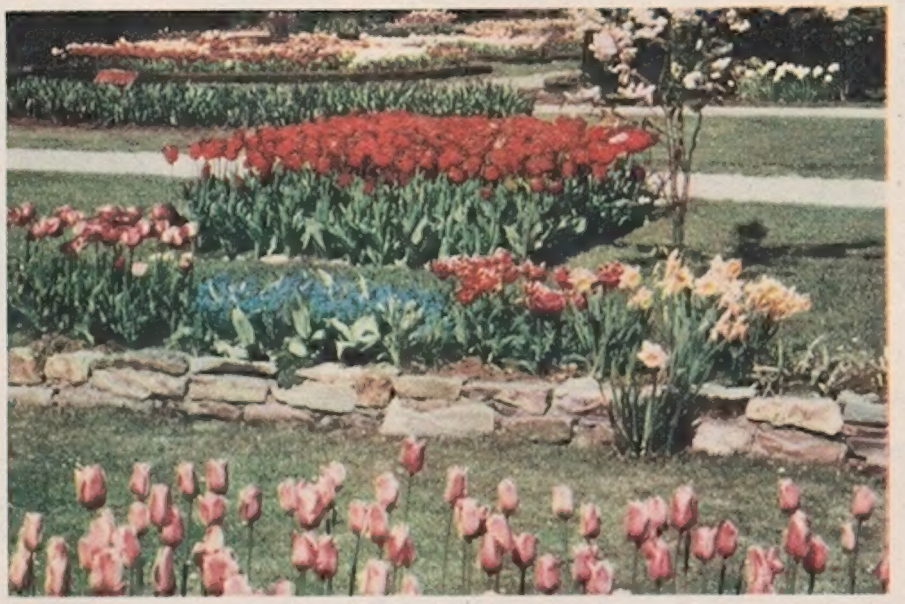

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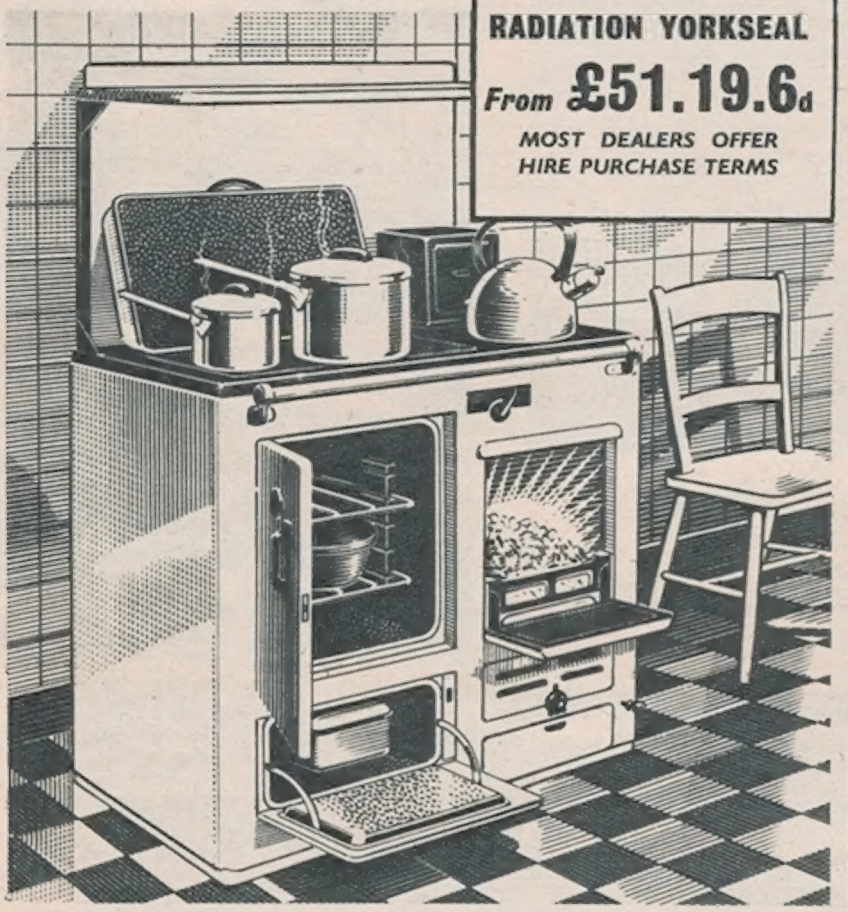

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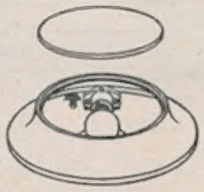

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An enchanting two-part story of the people of the painted boats

ROSE OF SHARON

by JERRARD TICKELL

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

BARRY PERKINS HAD BEEN born to the painted boats, the painted pails, the hearts, the roses and the castles. He was the only son of Ted and Mabel Perkins who, like their own parents before them, had spent their leisurely lives up and down the intricate labyrinth of England's canals.

Barry first saw the light of day aboard a monkey boat, and before he was a year old he had travelled the length and breadth of the inland waterways in his floating home. There was little enough room for two in the cabin, much less for three, and Barry was hardly a boy before he moved back into the butty.

Rosie, the dapple grey Clydesdale mare, hauled the monkey boat, and the butty trailed behind at the end of its tow-rope, the boy's sure hand at the tiller. So, until the war came, the little family carried their slow cargoes along quiet waters from clanging town to clanging town.

Barry Perkins didn't wait for his call-up. He joined the

"What would you do with me?" she asked daringly. He turned to her. "Eat you"

army right away. Royal Army Service Corps, Water Transport Section. He was a sergeant within weeks. Then, to his parents' mingled pride and dismay, he was given a commission.

Ted Perkins shook his head. Mabel's boy an officer! Next thing he'd be expecting his dad to put on a collar and tie for his dinner.

Captain Barry Perkins landed in France on D-day, was wounded and taken prisoner. No word was heard of him for many anxious months. Then his first letter arrived from Germany. He had been operated upon in hospital; he was well, but would always walk with a slight limp.

The glad news that he was safe was spread about. Another letter came in. His limp was slowly getting better. Could they please send him a book on bird-watching? He longed to come home, back to the painted monkey boats and the buttys. He sent his love to Rosie.

"Fancy him remembering Rosie!"

Ted Perkins stepped ashore and walked heavily, Barry's letter in his hand, to where Rosie cropped the sweet grass by the canal's edge. Rosie's real name, her grand name, was Rose of Sharon, but Rosie she had become the first day she had stepped on the tow-path, ten years ago.

She was a stocky mare, just under seventeen hands, with a skin like shot silk. Her legs were short, with white plumed fetlocks, and her body was as big as her heart. There was a mutual affection and understanding between Rosie and her owners that amounted to love.

As Ted Perkins stopped, Rosie raised her head. "Well, old girl," Ted said, "I've heard from the boy again. Says he's all right and sends you his love, all the way from Germany. Dare say he'll be coming home soon, so keep hoping, old girl."

Neither Ted nor Mabel ever believed that Barry would come back to the boats for good, not after being an army officer and seeing France and Germany and foreign places. But they were wrong. He returned from the war, limping a little. It was as if he'd never been away. He handled the tiller with his old instinctive skill, and he had a warm word for all his old friends at the locks.

His father said to him one evening: "I suppose you'll be getting a posh office job one of these days, son."

"No, Dad. I don't want an office job."

BARRY explained why, using words that Ted and Mabel only half understood. They must remember that he had been a prisoner, a man held behind barbed wire, walking a compound for weary month after weary month, looking up at the only changing thing in a changeless existence, the sky. After that, more than anything else, he wanted freedom—and freedom was not to be found at an office desk or between the walls of a factory. He would be well content to spend the rest of his life on the waterways of England.

"There's so much to see," he said apologetically. Birds in the air, flirting, singing, swooping; fish in the green water, roach, bream, perch; cattle in the fields; moorhens in the reeds; decent pay and a snug home.

"That's funny talk for a young man with his life before him," said Ted Perkins to Mabel. "I wouldn't be sorry if he had a young lady, straight I wouldn't. He's too much by himself."

"Maybe he'll find one one of these days."

It took Barry a long time to find his young lady. . . .

Cathleen Conroy was an export of County Kerry. Her hair had a glint of red in it, her eyes a flicker of green, and she had a skin like milk. She was a nurse in a hospital a few fields away from a lock on the canal, Cloverbourne lock.

One night, at a half-crown dance in the village hall, she met a quiet, sun-burned man called Barry Perkins. He didn't dance well because of his limp, so he and Cathleen sat out and talked. At the end of the evening he went back to his butty; and she, pensively, to her hospital.

Neither of them forgot the other; and that was why, on his next journey from Southall to Birmingham, Barry Perkins stepped ashore at Cloverbourne and purposefully made his way across the fields to the hospital.

"Could I please speak to Nurse Conroy?" he asked.

The little waiting room smelled of disinfectant and floor polish. Soon a starched, tremulous Nurse Conroy arrived. She pretended to be astonished at his visit. She told Barry untruthfully that she'd never expected to see him again in her life; that he'd no right to come to the hospital; that the matron was a holy devil; that she wasn't free until six o'clock, and that her hair looked a fright.

He took her to supper in a café in the village and asked her if she'd like to go to the pictures. Ah no, she'd seen the big film already—but she'd never seen a canal boat.

The fields were dim in the spring dusk. Cathleen was introduced to Ted and Mabel Perkins—and to Rosie. She laid her cool hand on the mare's silken muzzle and talked to her softly, and Barry said, "Rosie likes you," and she said, "I like Rosie, too."

Then they went back to the butty that was Barry's home. She examined with delight the pictures, hearts, castles and roses, she admired the gleaming brasses, the range, the cups and saucers and plates, the way the bed let down, the snowy towels, the cupboards with their shining store.

"And do you live here all by yourself?" she asked Barry.

"I do."

"With no one but a dapple-grey mare to talk to?"

He smiled. "At least Rosie never argues—even though her dam was Irish-bred. And anyway I don't suppose I'll have her to talk to for much longer. These boats are to be converted for diesel engines, and when that happens Rosie'll have to go."

"Your parents won't like that, Barry."

"No. But it's one of those things. Dad will make sure she goes to a good home. You see, Cathleen, the truth is that Rosie and her kind are doomed. An engine does the work of many strong horses and you don't have to bed it down at night with a hot bran mash."

He went on to speak of the ever-quickening tempo of industrial movement, and how it must be keyed to the speed of machinery and not to that of muscle. Worst crime of all, horses impeded the mechanized flow of traffic that was essential to a bustling world.

Cathleen listened with detachment. Then she said challengingly, out of nothing: "Tell me, Barry, have you no ambition in you at all?"

"Come and sit on the roof and I'll tell you."

"That's a nice thing, to ask me to sit on the roof. What do you think I am, a witch, or a banshee or what?"

"I'm not sure—yet."

THEY sat on the roof of the cabin and talked, while the midges danced over the water and the only sound was that of Rosie tearing the grass and the occasional plip-plop of a fish rising. Cathleen told him about her childhood in Ireland, the pet goat that she used to take to school with her, and her brother in the Irish Guards. Barry told her about the canals of England, how he had joined the army, was wounded and taken prisoner.

"When you're a *kriegie*, a prisoner of war," he said musingly, "you look at everything from

He hit Rosie a resounding blow across the rump. "Let that be a lesson to you," he said, thickly. "Come quietly now and no tricks"

Bim-bam-bom went the bells, and Barry looked at Cathleen, a radiant, laughing Cathleen, and his heart missed a beat. He was happy as a king

three points of view. The first is, can you eat it? The second, can you burn it? The third, can you trade it for something else?"

"What would you do with me?" she said daringly.

He turned to her. "Eat you."

"Oh." She looked at her watch, peering at it in the dusk, and gave a gasp: "I'll have to run the whole way back to the hospital, so don't come with me." Before she jumped ashore she had a quick measuring glance into the cabin again.

He stood facing her on the tow-path, and she had a moment of sheer panic when she thought he was going to kiss her.

He didn't. Hurrying over the moonlit fields, she wished he had. . . .

Spring turned into summer and, when the sun rose on a golden July morning, Ted Perkins and his wife Mabel knew that this was going to be the most momentous day of their simple lives. It was to be a day of sorrow and of joy. Rosie was leaving the family and Cathleen was coming into it.

Mr. Morgan, the farmer at Copley, was waiting to take over the mare at the canal depot, and he had undertaken to put her to the plough. From all reports, Mr, Morgan was a decent man—though rather addicted to the bottle—and a friend of Ted Perkins, who had had a quiet squint at the stable where Rosie would live, had reported that it was clean and dry if a little small.

Even if £40 was a low price for the mare, she was going to a good home. And once the sadness of parting with Rosie was over, there was joy to follow. Five locks down from Copley, the bells would ring gaily over the fields of Cloverbourne for the wedding of Barry Perkins to the lively, spirited, red-haired Cathleen Conroy.

When they came to Copley, Mabel Perkins wouldn't come ashore until the very last moment. The craft that had been her home for so long lay alongside the other barges destined either for conversion or for breaking up. The weather had got at the older ones, opening their seams, rotting their tarpaulins, corroding the once bright brass, beating every vestige of colour from the hearts, the roses and the castles that had been their pride. Though never an imaginative woman, it occurred to Mabel that her home had entered the family vault at long last.

Ted made the monkey boat and the butty fast and stepped ashore. He unhitched the tow-rope from the bar of Rosie's traces and took the big basket of oats from the side of her collar. She sniffed at it as he slung it over her head. She began to munch. He frowned and absent-mindedly put his hand on her sweating flank as he turned and walked heavily back to the butty for breakfast.

Husband and wife ate in silence. They had talked so much about this day that now there was nothing left to say.

When Ted had finished, he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'd better be getting along now," he said.

"Yes, you'd better. Did Mr. Morgan say anything about the harness?"

"Said he didn't want it."

"Might get something for it at Southall. It's good harness, so it is," she said with a touch of defiance. "We'll take it with us in the new motor-boat."

"All right. Well, I'd better be getting along. Do you want to come?"

"Me? No. Don't forget to tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, Ted."

"I won't."

He climbed ashore, stepping sure-footed over the boats. As he took off Rosie's harness, his wife watched him. Her face was curiously set and her eyes watched every movement of his hands.

He put a rope halter over the mare's handsome head and gave a gentle tug. "Off we go, old girl."

Rosie stepped out strongly over the cobbles. Just as man and mare were about to pass the

dock gates, Ted heard a call from the butty and turned round.

Mabel had her hands cupped to her mouth. "Don't forget the apples and the sugar, Ted." she called.

"I won't."

"And don't be too long away, Ted."

"I won't."

Suddenly she went into the cabin of the butty. Her husband heard the wooden doors slam. He shook his head and pursed his lips. Then he continued his walk up into the town, with the slow gait of an old man. . . .

Mr. Morgan, the farmer, was a burly, red-faced, jovial man in a leather patched tweed coat and a dusty bowler hat. He shook hands with Ted Perkins and walked round Rosie, examining her critically, taking pleasure in the sight of his new possession.

"Well, Mr. Perkins, she doesn't look too bad."

"She's in good shape, Mr. Morgan. Sorry to part with her, we both are, the missus and me."

"Never mind, Mr. Perkins. She's going to a good home. Best of everything she'll get. What did you say her name was again?"

Ted Perkins shifted his feet apologetically. "Well, her real name's Rose of Sharon, from the Bible, I think it is. But we call her Rosie."

"Rose of Sharon was a woman, not a mare, so Rosie will do for me. How much did I say I'd give you for her?"

"Forty pound."

"It's a lot of money, Mr. Perkins." The farmer raised a tentative eyebrow.

"I'll take no less," said Ted Perkins doggedly, "for you and me both know that she's worth more than that. But seeing as she's going to a good home——"

"All right, Mr. Perkins, all right, we won't quarrel over a quid or two. They tell me your boy Barry is getting married today."

"That's right."

"And you're taking on a motor-boat."

"That's right."

"Well, best of luck to both of you. Big day this for you Mr. Perkins."

"That's right."

THE farmer put his hand into the pocket of his shabby tweed coat and pulled out a bulging wallet. From a thick bundle of £1 notes he peeled off forty, counting them expertly. Ted Perkins stored the money in his clothes. He shuffled his boots and said with some embarrassment: "Mabel said, that is, the missus says I'm to tell you that Rosie is used to a pound of apples of a Sunday and a handful of sugar."

"And very nice, too," said Mr. Morgan humorously. "What does she have on Christmas Day? Nice bottle of port wine and a slice of turkey? Now, Mr. Perkins, you tell your missus not to bother her head about the mare. She'll get all the oats, bran, chaff and clover she can eat." He pulled out a vast watch. "Opening time. Care to celebrate the deal with a pint?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Morgan. I'll be getting back to Mabel now. I don't think she likes parting with Rosie. Proper upset, she is. And we've got to take over the new boats, so I'll be getting back."

He looked at Rosie, who was watching him with curiosity. He patted her neck. He said gruffly: "Well, look after yourself, old girl."

He turned and walked away, stepping more quickly now that he was alone. Rosie swung her head round to watch him go. She fidgeted and tossed her head and made as if to follow. But Mr. Morgan's hand was fast on the halter and she backed away from him. He gave a strong pull on the rope and the mare threw up her head. His genial mouth hardened. He said warningly, "One of us two is going to be master and that's going to be me. You just come along of me and no tricks."

By now Ted Perkins was out of sight. Mr. Morgan slapped Rosie sharply but not unkindly on the flank with his open hand. She started back and there was the flash of the white of fear at the rims of her eyes.

Barry eyed the man on the towpath. "Who are you and what do you want?" The stranger glared: "What

Unwillingly, uncomprehendingly, she allowed herself to be led into the cobbled backyard of The Three Pigeons. Mr. Morgan tied her tightly and with a practised knot to a wooden rail.

Some time later, back at the lock, Mabel Perkins turned to her husband. "Ted—" she said.

"Yes, Mabel?"

"You did tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And what did he say?"

"Said he'd remember. Come up and have another look at the new boats."

The motor-boat and its butty were all and more than a waterman could want. Each of the craft was seventy-two feet long with a seven foot beam and, under their new tarpaulins, they were loaded with forty-seven tons of copper in slabs.

Couldn't be better; a clean cargo in clean boats. But it was the design of the living space in the butty that was Ted's pride. Remembering how cramped he and Mabel had been, he'd planned something better for Barry and Cathleen and had seen that it was carried out.

INSTEAD of only one cabin, there were two. There was the roomy one where the bed let down and the stove and the cupboards were. Beyond it, taking up six feet of the normal cargo space, was another cabin, a little separate lock-up of a cabin.

"Almost like being in a two-roomed flat, isn't it, Ted?"

"I dunno. Never lived in a two-roomed flat."

"Anyway it's more room than we had when we began, Ted."

"Too true, Mabel. They'll be snug in here, all right."

Mabel was silent a moment. Then she said, "What did you say Mr. Morgan said when you told him about the apples and the——?"

Ted Perkins's face suddenly flushed. "Listen," he said loudly, "why the hell can't you stop

do I want ? I've walked two blasted miles to find you and you have the nerve to ask what I want"

thinking about Rosie? This is your own son's wedding day."

Mabel bridled. "I'm trying to stop thinking about her," she retorted. "And don't you use that sort of language to me, Ted Perkins."

"Oh, all right, all right. I didn't mean to speak out of turn."

"Then why did you say it?" Her lips began to quiver. "I only asked you what Mr. Morgan said when you told him about the——"

"I told you what he said, didn't I? And will you, for Gawd's sake, stop talking to me about Rosie? Anyone 'ud think you was the only one missing her." He moved away from her. "I'm going up now on the motor boat and we'll cast off. Don't want to be late for the wedding, Rosie or no Rosie."

Mabel followed. "Are you sure you're all right to drive a motor-boat, Ted?"

"Course I am," he said gruffly. "I driven 'em before. You only get two ways of going, forward and astern, so you can't go wrong."

She caught up with him and touched his arm gently. "I got you a flower for your coat, for the wedding, Ted," she said timidly. "You can wear it when you change your suit."

He gave a short, embarrassed guffaw of laughter. "Me with a flower in me button-hole! That's nice, that is."

"You wore one the day we was married."

"That's right. So I did." He hesitated. "I did tell Mr. Morgan about the apples and the sugar, Mabel. I told him special, and he said he'd remember."

"You don't think he'll forget, do you Ted?"

"No. He'll look after her all right."

He walked forward along the butty and stepped on board the motor-boat. He started the diesel, listening to the unfamiliar plop-plop of the engine and frowning at the spurts of smoke that drifted into his nostrils.

Proper stink they made. He'd sooner have Rosie. Never mind. Got to keep up with the times.

He looked aft, saw that Mabel was ready at the tiller of the butty, jerked up his thumb. Then, somewhat cautiously, he coaxed the motor-boat's bow through the motionless barges and out into the middle of the canal.

Four locks to go to Cloverbourne. . . .

The canal flowed on its unhurried way to London. There, within the sunny spaces of Regent's Park, two events were taking place which were to have a profound effect on the lives of Barry Perkins and the girl who was about to become his bride. These two same events—seemingly unrelated—were also to concern the fate of Rose of Sharon, dapple-grey, plume-footed mare, the recently acquired property of Mr. Morgan, the farmer at Copley.

MILES FLOOD, R.A., had been an eccentric for so many of his sixty years that most people nowadays made allowances for him. This tolerance drove him to such fury that he had come to believe that all humanity was joined together in an unspoken conspiracy subtly to deprive him of what he considered to be his rights.

The most extraordinary thing about Miles Flood was that his work, in pencil, crayon, water colour or oil, had a delicacy, a sweetness, a tenderness that was wholly at variance with his violence, his ill-temper and his resentment against authority in any form.

For some weeks now Flood had been pestering his doctor unceasingly. The skill seemed to have mysteriously fled from his fingers and he could no longer draw the horses that he loved. Racehorses, hacks, cobs, ponies, these were the creatures that his pencil used to fill with grace and fire, transforming them. But he could draw no more—and it was in an attempt to restore his lost craftsmanship that he had at last, on his doctor's advice, made arrangements to spend a day or two on the inland waterways of England.

In his Nash house overlooking Regent's Park he cursed his patient housekeeper as he flung clothes into a suitcase. Nice thing, at his time of life, to be told to lead the life of a bargee.

"Where the hell are my cuff-links?" he shouted. "Not those ones, you Hecuba—the other ones; the ones given to me by that African king, the one whose daughter I painted. . . ."

On that same sunny noon, not a quarter of a mile away from Miles Flood's house, Doug Montgomery and his sister Glad climbed through a hole in the wire that protected the towpath of another section of the canal, the section that flowed through Regent's Park, by the Zoo.

Doug, who was eight years old, carried the fishing tackle, which consisted of a butterfly net. Glad, a skimpy six, was allowed to carry the creel, which was an empty jam jar. The pair, having made sure that they were unobserved, settled down under the shelter of the footbridge opposite Ormond Terrace and began to fish.

Results came slowly. Two minnows and a stickleback were a poor reward for thirty minutes' fishing, and brother and sister were deciding to try another beat when a strange thing happened.

They heard the hum of a car's engine on the road and the screech of brakes, and then the sound of running footsteps on the bridge. A second later they saw a revolver come sailing through the air, thrown from the bridge, and saw it fall with a loud plop into the canal.

They saw it distinctly as it spun through the air, and they saw the splash and the ripples and the bubbles that wavered on the surface.

Doug looked solemnly at his sister. "See that, Glad?" he said.

"Yes."

"That was a gun."

"Coo."

"Gangsters," said Doug succinctly. "We'd better scram."

"All right, Doug."

"And don't talk."

"All right, Doug."

"Swear you won't talk. Because if you was

Continued on page 49

Canon in the Bull Ring

by JOHN ENNIS

Bryan Green is a high-pressure parson with a talent for publicity. He'll never let the Devil have the best stunts

Outside St. Martin's in the Bull Ring, Bryan Green talks to parishioners. On Saturday afternoons he packs his church with shoppers

THERE ARE PEOPLE who say that Canon Bryan Green, the evangelist, could have been equally successful as a financier. In 1948, he discovered, on taking over St. Martin's in the Bull Ring, the Birmingham Parish Church, that £100,000 was needed to repair bomb damage to the church, build a new church hall and convert the existing hall into a full time youth club. An appeal for the fund was under way, but the money was coming in too slowly for Green.

He let no chance slip by. When Billy Graham preached at St. Martin's, Green saw that there was an unusually high proportion of wealthy people in the congregation. While reading the church notices, with his bishop listening, he said, "The Bishop doesn't want me to mention the appeal for one hundred thousand pounds. So I won't."

Eventually Green, a restless man of fifty-four whose springy, rapid stride contradicts his tired eyes, realized that only direct action would bring in the money. For three months he dropped everything else while he visited 160 business men and industrialists. "I treated it as an evangelistic campaign," he said afterwards. "Instead of conversions I got cheques."

Industrialists Paid Up

Friendly business men told him the amount they thought he could expect from each firm. On each call he talked on general subjects, explained the purpose of the appeal, then concluded, "It is not for me to say what you ought to give, but this is the figure I hope to get out of you. . . ." Then he named double the sum his friends had advised. Eighty per cent gave the amount he suggested.

He varied this plan once, when he called on one of Britain's biggest industrialists, a man renowned for his forthright manner. Green took exactly two minutes to explain the appeal, then handed the man a single typewritten sheet containing a fuller explanation. Brusquely, the industrialist asked. "What do you want of me?" Equally brusquely, Green replied, "Five thousand pounds."

"I'll give you an answer in two days," said the industrialist. They drank coffee. Green left without mentioning the appeal again. The following morning the man told Green he would give the £5,000.

The more orthodox clergymen and older churchgoers sometimes frown on Green's energetic way of pulling in, not only cheques, but large congregations and converts to Christianity. One outspoken Birmingham man told him recently: "I like my religion to be Third Programme, not Light; I go to the cathedral."

Campaigned In Honolulu

Many, however, have come to agree that Green's approach to religion may well be the one best fitted to modern life. The Bishop of Rochester, the Right Reverend Christopher Chavasse, once called Green "a modern John the Baptist," and an American has said he is the world's foremost evangelist. At ten Bryan Green missions held in the United States, and at his other evangelistic campaigns in South Africa, the Gold Coast, Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon and Honolulu, the crowds have compared in size and enthusiasm with those addressed by Billy Graham in Britain. But unlike Graham, Green believes that "the humdrum of running a parish" is good for the soul of an internationally famous religious personality.

The humdrum, however, rarely survives the impact of Bryan Green, who is unwillingly attuned to this age of high-powered publicity. He hates to let the Devil have all the best stunts.

Above the throaty cries of stallholders in the

Young people ask questions after a Bryan Green Meeting in Boston, Massachusetts. An American has called Green the world's foremost evangelist

Bull Ring market, loudspeakers hanging from the outside walls of St. Martin's boom an invitation to shoppers, every Saturday afternoon, to come inside for a fifteen minute service. Regularly, about five hundred stream in, smoking, eating ice-cream and chocolate, bringing their dogs; women, often hatless, push perambulators. "The Lord doesn't mind," says the Reverend George Potts, who has turned down valuable livings to be Green's senior assistant.

For people who spend their Sundays in the countryside, Green began an Epilogue service, late on Sunday evenings. Cyclists leave their machines in the baptistry. The midweek services held before each Birmingham Assize Green found to be dull affairs, with nobody there but the judge. He now fills the church on these occasions with schoolchildren.

At festival times he invites people into the church to see the decorations. At Christmas, 1953, 26,000 sightseers entered the church in five days. Green wished 13,000 of them, individually, a happy Christmas. Because Birmingham has a strong Nonconformist tradition, he frequently invites Free Church ministers to speak from his pulpit. When a circus came regularly to Birmingham, he held a service in the circus ring. There was no service in the church that Sunday morning. Green ordered the whole congregation to the circus.

A man with no hobbies, Green loves gadgets. He borrowed Billy Graham's idea of using a small microphone on a cord round his neck for speaking from the pulpit. The lead, wrapped round his waist, fitted in a plug near the pulpit floor. "If I disappear," he happily told his congregation, "I am only plugging myself in."

Green instituted an evening Communion service, conducted by George Potts, at which he gives a running commentary from the pulpit. In the middle of one such service the congregation was startled by a loud roar. It was Canon Green, caught by a sneeze while his chest microphone was plugged in.

On a recent mission in the United States, a puzzled American asked Green to explain what a canon was. "A pompous clergyman connected with a cathedral," Green replied.

If Canon Green is ever tempted to be pompous, he has rarely stopped long enough in one place for anyone to notice it. Asked to describe Green recently, Marjorie Godward, vestry clerk at his former parish in Brompton, said: "Electricity. A powerhouse with every switch alive." The men who recently built a new organ at St. Martin's called him "the jet." One day Green's secretary entered the Brompton vestry and remarked that the vicar was on his way. "Is that," asked the church treasurer, "in the nature of a gale warning?"

Every Sunday evening about twelve hundred people pack St. Martin's. Nearly five hundred attend the morning service. Crowds of ten thousand queue to hear Green at his missions in America. To run a busy parish and satisfy requests for visits from overseas churches, Green works at a pace that leaves capable Birmingham business men gasping. He has often taken morning service in St. Martin's, chartered a small aircraft and flown half across England to preach elsewhere, then flown home in the night. He has insured his life for about £6,000, covering travel in any conveyance. He dictates letters while riding in cars, and sometimes stays up through the night to talk a backlog of correspondence into a recording machine. Last year he went on holiday to Jersey and ran a parish while he was there. His holiday the year before was in the Isle of Man, where he became involved in a series of vast outdoor services.

Green's wife, Winifred, said once, "I always take my knitting and a book when we go anywhere. I am liable to be left on my own for long stretches." Friends notice that the strain shows in Green's face. Edgar Hiley, a Warwickshire county councillor, said recently, "He has circles under the circles under his eyes."

Born in 1901, in a London suburb, Bryan Stuart Westmacott Green vaguely intended joining the civil service when, as a seventeen-year-old prefect at Merchant Taylors' School, London, he carried the luggage of a visiting clergyman to the school gate. "Have you ever thought of becoming a parson?" the clergyman asked. "How do you go about it?" said Green. The clergyman introduced him to the principal of a theological college. "A prosaic beginning," Green says today.

Raids On Public Houses

Even before he was ordained, Green's energy and unorthodox ideas flung him into action. He led other students in raids on public houses, grabbed stray drunks, sobered them with coffee and talked religion. "Saved quite a few souls that way," he recently told one of his devoted followers in Birmingham. On Sundays he set up an easel at Speakers' Corner in Hyde Park, captured passing children and told them Bible stories, illustrating the stories with drawings in coloured chalk.

Before he was old enough to be ordained, he was hard at work in what later became his first parish, New Malden, Surrey, where he roared through the suburban streets on an erratic motor-cycle, and dragged wood on a cart for the Sunday School's November the Fifth bonfire. He formed one of the biggest Bible classes in Britain by calling at houses and talking teenagers into attending meetings. One parent, mistaking Green for one of the many ex-Service men who following the first World War scratched a living as door-to-door salesmen, tried to close the door in his face. Like the brashest salesman, Green kept his foot in the doorway until he had said his piece.

Agonies Of Stage Fright

One member of his New Malden Bible classes, Sarah Good, wrote recently, "It is difficult to explain just why we did what he commanded. Why we cancelled our engagements, why we suffered and endured agonies of shyness, trepidation and actual stage-fright; how we found ourselves mounting rickety chairs, brought out from a cottage, at some open-air meeting he organized; how we overcame our inhibitions, our down-right snobbishness, our horror of 'religious emotion' and followed this tireless leader with his infectious faith and his incessant demands on our time. . . . He made it an adventure."

It was the hard work of these early days that made Green an effective evangelist. "My apprenticeship was in the open air. Many a time I went home broken-hearted because everyone had walked away. I just had to learn how to hold a crowd."

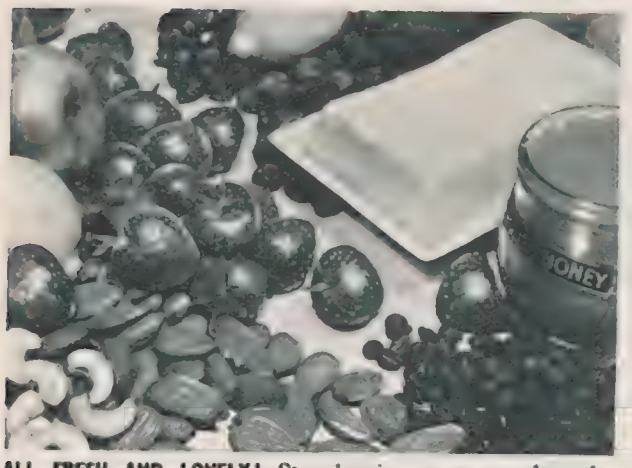
After four years as curate at New Malden, Green toured Britain working on children's missions, then became chaplain of the Oxford Pastorate at Oxford University. He spent nearly four years as vicar at Crouch End, London, then moved to Holy Trinity, Brompton, in the West End of London.

His first sermon there rocked the fashionable parish. It was Munich Sunday, 1938, and he found his congregation "hysterically relieved" over the Chamberlain-Hitler peace agreement. Green unhappily mounted the pulpit and said: "There are three things I can do. I can ignore the world situation and preach the Gospel unrelated to life—and I hope I shall never do that. I can talk platitudes. Or I can say what I really believe."

Then he preached on "Peace with dishonour." He immediately lost a hundred of his congregation. They were soon replaced by others who

Continued on page 42

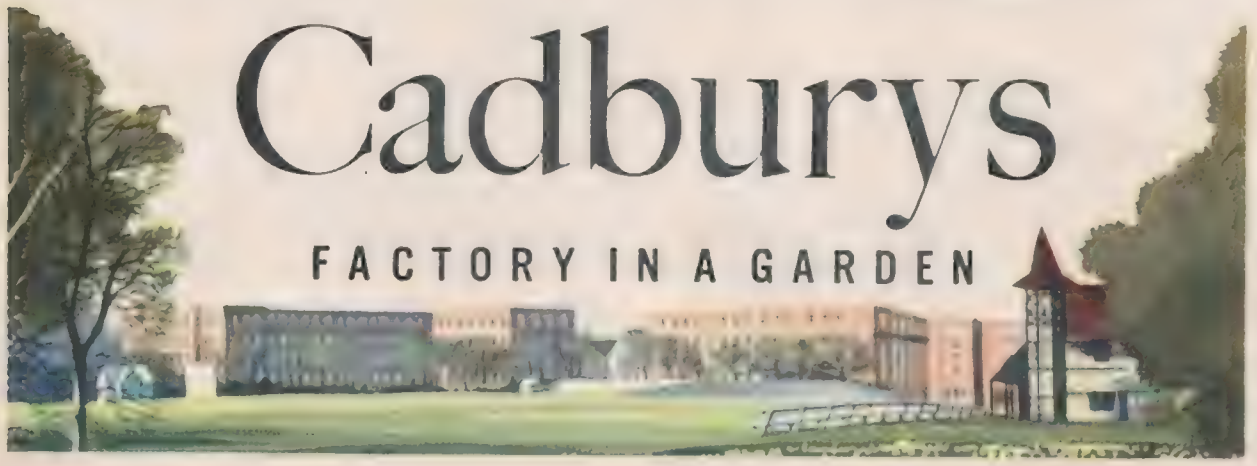
This is what makes people say 'I want Cadburys Milk Tray'



ALL FRESH AND LOVELY! Strawberries, oranges, almonds, hazelnuts, honey—just a small selection of the good things that go into these delicious chocolates.

SO THICKLY COVERED. Ingredients have been mixed and the various centres shaped. Now—in the 'enrober'—comes the thick covering of Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.

It's easy to see why Cadbury's Milk Tray is the most popular chocolate assortment ever made. In the first place, there are all those lovely ingredients which are blended together to make the delicious centres. But most important of all is the rich, thick covering of the chocolate that everybody likes best, Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate.



MAKING THEIR MARK. A skilful twist and a flourish of the wrist and each chocolate receives its distinguishing mark—a useful guide to all those whose motto is '*I want Cadburys*'.

Coffee goes gay

by ANTONY FERRY

Fortunes are made in Britain's new coffee houses—where the décor is as exotic as the drink

A Spanish setting for espresso coffee. Imaginative fancy has inspired the decoration of the new coffee houses. They use bamboo and bizarre shapes; one even has the sound of jungle drums

TO BOOST ITS SALES, one of the many coffee houses in London's Soho recently offered a free shave to anyone coming in for a coffee before 9.30 in the morning. "Free shave" meant only the use of an electric razor, but the stunt drew many early customers.

A few days later, however, Soho barbers countered with an offer of their own. For anyone coming in for a shave before 9.30 in the morning, there was a free cup of coffee made in a borrowed espresso machine.

That skirmish ended in a defeat for the coffee bar. The proprietor withdrew his offer of free shaves. But it is unusual for espresso coffee to be defeated. Not long ago a London milliner in Park Lane, seeing the queues forming outside the coffee bar that had opened next door, threw out her hats and installed a coffee counter. About a month later another neighbour, an antique dealer, pushed his curios to one side and began to sell cappucino as well as Chippendale. The three bars now flourish, side by side.

New Machine Started Boom

This is an extreme example of the coffee boom in England, based on the espresso machine, a brazen, high-powered device which can spout strong black coffee, made "expressly" for each customer, at the rate of 150 to six hundred cups an hour. The "infernal machine," as the trade nicknames it, has led to the opening of 150 coffee houses in London in the past two years, and more than fifty more in such scattered places as Huddersfield, Scunthorpe, Manchester, Bristol, Brighton, the Channel Islands, Dublin, and the small town of Bourton-on-the-Water in the Cotswold Hills.

The national thirst for coffee, once settled by seventy cups per person annually, has reached 120 cups. An increase of several million pounds in coffee imports is expected to boost this year's total consumption to 80 million pounds.

Responsibility for this boom rests largely on an Italian dentist named Pino Riservato, who was travelling in England a few years ago selling dental mirrors. He was appalled by the quality of coffee served in what he referred to as "snack-bar Ingliss." He attributed the popularity of tea to "boiler-made" coffee, and, seeing a potential market, returned to Italy to make preparations to conquer it.

At that time an Italian café proprietor named Achille Gaggia had just taken out a patent for an espresso coffee machine. Although Italians were already acknowledged masters of coffee making, Gaggia had been worrying for some years because the steam used in existing machines burned the aromatic oil of the coffee bean and left a slightly unpleasant taste when the steam was condensed into coffee.

About ten years ago, therefore, he began tinkering with various coffee-making devices in the workshop over his café in Milan. He designed a piping system with two horizontal boilers that allowed a certain degree of separation between steam and boiling water. The steam was put through a "drying" process and was used to force water just below boiling (at ninety-eight degrees centigrade) through a fine filter of coffee under a pressure of thirty pounds to the square inch. The resulting extract was smooth, hot and concentrated. This was the machine that Gaggia patented.

Riservato, the travelling dentist, sought out Gaggia and persuaded him to appoint him sales agent for the machine. He set up the firm of Riservato Partners to promote it in Britain. Machines of varying capacity could be had for from £900 to as little as £97 10s. each.

But British caterers were not enthusiastic. Tea drinking, they said, was too much of a national pastime to brook any serious rival.

At last Riservato persuaded one coffee house, the Moka Bar in Frith Street, Soho, to install one of the machines. It sold 2,000 cups of coffee the first day, which is still probably an unbeaten record—though many of the more recent coffee houses do a steady 1,500 cups a day, using 150 pounds of coffee a week. The espresso machine

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MURDER ON THE WEDDING EVE

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The Sheik's daughter must marry a monster. No one could help her—not even Inspector Chafik

THE TELEPHONE RANG at midnight, waking Inspector Chafik of the Baghdad Police from a pleasant dream. "The tongues of women, and other clamorous instruments, should be stilled at this hour," he complained as he reached over his wife to the bedside table.

A man with a pleasant voice said: "Inspector Chafik? I fear I disturb you."

"Sleep is not for the fathers of teething babes, or for policemen," Chafik answered, regarding himself sympathetically in the mirror on the wall. He was small and dark and had a large head, high cheekbones, and a thin face. With subconscious vanity he studied his proud features.

"The dead will keep you awake tonight," said the stranger.

"A poor jest——"

"I do not jest. Go to the house of Ursule, she who was once wife to Sheik Majid, the exile. There is an arbour in the lady's garden. You will there find——" The voice stopped, then

She came running down the path, a figure in white with dark flowing hair and huge, frightened eyes. "Ali!" she cried. "Ali! They've killed you!"

went on, hushed and urgent. "Come, please come!" and then the connection was broken off.

The inspector knew he could not trace the call—the city had an automatic exchange—and, grumbling, he began to dress.

"Possibly a hoax; you may expect me back in snarling mood," he said to his meek-looking wife.

"Must you go then?" asked Leila, with the deference a Moslem woman shows her husband.

"Sheik Majid was mentioned. You would know nothing about him, but fifteen years ago he encouraged the tribes to revolt and had to flee the country. There was a report today that he had left his place of exile and might cross the frontier."

"Does he not have a daughter?"

"Yes, the sheik has a daughter by his first wife, the one who died," Chafik said, using this conversation to brief himself. "Her name is Noemi. She was given into the care of his second wife, the Lady Ursule, who divorced him after his disloyalty. Tomorrow, Noemi is to wed——"

"Is to be sacrificed!"

Chafik turned and looked at Leila in astonishment. "She weds her cousin Tarik," he said, indignantly.

"Tarik is a monster."

"Madame!"

"Allah," said Chafik's wife, "sometimes touches a man and thereafter he converses with the birds. In the case of Tarik, as all Baghdad knows, the Devil touched him at birth; he creeps with the reptiles. Furthermore, Tarik is not Noemi's cousin, not really. He is the nephew of her stepmother, Ursule, and like Noemi he is a ward of that woman. Ah, what a schemer she is!"

"The Lady Ursule is a matriarch——"

"A schemer, my man! Sheik Majid forfeited his estates when he fled the country. They have been held in trust by the Keeper of Properties as his daughter's dowry, and now they will go to the husband. But as Tarik is Ursule's creature, she——"

"Enough!"

"Poor little Noemi is really in love with that nice Lieutenant Risa of the army, whose father is a parliamentary deputy——"

"Why do I keep records?" shouted Chafik. "All I have to do is listen to you coffee-cup gossips."

"Then the facts are correct?"

"More than twenty years we have been married: still I walk into your parlour like a witless fly. Yes, it is all probably true—the Lady Ursule will be the real benefactress of Noemi's dowry, and it's none of my business. I'm a policeman, not a marriage broker."

Leila brushed back the cloud of blue-black hair from her smooth shoulders. "It is dreadful. I hope Sheik Majid is here to stop it."

"How can he? The man is an outlaw and has no civil rights."

"A loving father might be forgiven if an accident happened to the bridegroom."

INSPECTOR CHAFIK threw up his hands. "Woman!" he said in a terrible voice, and then he saw Leila's smile. "An improper jest," he went on sternly. "Furthermore, your proposition is impractical. Our law demands financial retribution from a murderer's family, besides his neck. If the sheik did what you foolishly suggest, his daughter would forfeit her dowry in blood money to Tarik's next of kin. And do you know who that relative is?"

"His aunt, the scheming Ursule," Leila answered in a subdued voice. "I had not thought of that. My solution was hastily conceived."

"Women are always hasty," Chafik told her.

He adjusted a black *sidarah* on his sleek head, lighted a cigarette and went out. He was in the street before he realized how completely he had been briefed, and his face darkened as, from the bedroom window, he heard a soft laugh.

Sheik Majid's former wife lived on the outskirts of Baghdad, in a district of gardens and fine villas. A breeze from the river rustled the palms, the air was sweet, the sky was brilliant with stars, and Inspector Chafik was almost amiable.

"No siren, Abdullah," he said to the police sergeant who drove the car. "This may be a sleeveless errand and I do not want to disturb a household needing rest for tomorrow's ceremony."

Sergeant Abdullah, a vast and shadowy man, said with the privilege of long association: "Sir, this marriage should not take place."

"You, too?" exclaimed Chafik.

"I have daughters——"

"Ah, yes—three. . . ." Chafik shrugged and there was a glint of mischief in his eyes when, in the superior voice of the father of a son, he said: "Daughters are very nice, but it is inconceivable a man would risk everything, including his neck, to save one from an unpleasant union——"

"I would make such a sacrifice," shouted Abdullah.

The inspector said: "Your pardon, old friend, it was only a test. I wanted to make sure fathers of daughters truly love them. Now I know."

When they had gone a little farther and Abdullah was calm, Chafik said: "I trust the report about Majid is incorrect. He is still politically dangerous and would find sympathizers if he came to Baghdad."

"Also enemies——"

"His implacable enemy is his former wife. She betrayed him once and would betray him again. I am concerned for her, particularly after what you have just taught me about the fathers of daughters. She almost invites vengeance."

The thought made him fidget, and he looked around anxiously. They were going up an avenue lined with oleanders. The great dark river was ahead, and the lights of the train ferry crossing it were like swimming stars. There was no other sign of life.

Then from somewhere came a fusillade of gunshots, starting up the cacophony of hysterical dogs that too often made Baghdad nights hideous.

Sergeant Abdullah spoke professionally: "An automatic, sir. Small calibre. It jammed after the third shot. They often do. A revolver is more reliable."

The sergeant was bursting with news. He showed Chafik the white smear on the gun

ALERTNESS pleased the inspector, but he was worried. "My midnight telephone call becomes a nightmare," he said, and leaned forward to peer into the darkness.

At that moment the car came to a sudden stop, and he was thrown against the windscreen. And then he saw the sergeant running to a man who had fallen in the path of the car.

The inspector got out and went to join the sergeant. The man on the ground was young, good-looking and well-dressed; blood from a head wound was smeared over his face, but it was not a serious injury.

"Struck with a blunt instrument," Sergeant Abdullah said.

"Help him up." When the dazed victim was on his feet, the inspector said: "Your name, please? I am the police."

"Risa. Ali Risa."

Chafik remembered his wife's gossip about the young army lieutenant who was loved by Sheik Majid's daughter. So this was the man! "I detest coincidence," he said aloud, but speaking to himself—an unbreakable habit. When he realized he had spoken, he was embarrassed and therefore angry. "What happened?"

"I was struck from behind; that is all I remember."

"Where were you?"

Lieutenant Risa hesitated and then pointed to

a grove of citrus trees near the brick wall of a house. "I was walking there," he said.

"An odd place to walk at such an hour. Did you hear shooting?"

"I heard nothing. I was stunned—shooting? Where?" asked the young man, suddenly aware of the import of the question.

Chafik turned to a police patrol which had just arrived from another direction. "Have you traced it?" he asked the senior constable.

"The shooting was somewhere in this quarter, sir. There are lights in that villa, and I was going to inquire there," the officer said, and pointed his carbine towards the nearest wall.

"Whose house is it?"

"Madame Ursule's, sir."

The inspector spun around and ran towards the wall. There was a gate and the hinges creaked when he touched it. His surprise was echoed in the sergeant's gasp; gates are not left open in Baghdad at midnight. They looked into a garden thick with trees.

Chafik saw lights in the house but went down a path to the rear of the garden. "Surely one coincidence is enough for one night," he said.

"Sir?" asked Abdullah, following close behind him, gun drawn.

"There is an arbour in the lady's garden," Chafik said, repeating what the stranger had told him in the midnight telephone call.

They came to the pool, and nearby was a trellis covered with vines. Chafik took the sergeant's flashlight and went to look into it.

A man sat sprawled at a table under the vines, head resting on one outflung arm, back turned. One leg was twisted under the chair as by a violent and suddenly arrested contortion. A stick was on the floor at his side.

There were three bullet wounds, all in the back; it had been a frenzied killing. The inspector touched the body and found it warm. He thought: If I had not been delayed by meeting that young man, Risa, I would have found the lion crouching over its kill. He wondered if that had been the hope of the person who had telephoned him. He knelt and lifted the lolling head. The face was trimly bearded, otherwise very much like his own. An odd twist of the lips suggested a smile, as if the corpse said: Well, what do you make of me?

Chafik stood up and turned to the sergeant. "Abdullah," he said.

"Sir?"

"A daughter has lost her father—here is Sheik Majid."

FIFTEEN years of exile had changed the sheik; once a heavy-set man, he was now gaunt to the point of emaciation and so changed that he had been able to move about in Baghdad without challenge. "Even his friends would not recognize him," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"But an enemy did."

Chafik picked up the stick that lay beside the dead man's hand. It had a lead load and brass rings—a formidable weapon. On it there was a smear of blood mingled with a few hairs, and the inspector said, "Not Majid's blood. This has almost dried. Blows were struck tonight——"

Abdullah's face showed unusual animation. "Suppose——" he began.

The inspector stopped him. "We are both leaping to a conclusion. Supposition is a policeman's major sin."

"Yes, sir, and you have also taught me to frown on coincidence. Yet a young man with a bloodied head and a blunt instrument——"

"Enough, enough," Chafik said bitterly. He admitted to himself that the circumstances made a case against Lieutenant Risa; and he looked at the corpse reproachfully, wondering why Sheik Majid should have come out of exile to add this final horror to the misery of his daughter's wedding eve. It was inexplicable, and so was the telephone call that had announced the imminent tragedy.

Chafik remembered the voice, casual, slightly mocking, and tinged with sadness. And then there had been urgency: "Come, please come!"

"Too many threads and all broken," grumbled the inspector. He lighted a cigarette, and then stood forgetful of the flaming match held in his hand.

Somebody was running down the path from the house—a dim white figure with dark flowing hair. The faint light showed huge, frightened eyes and a young, graceful body as she ran to the man slumped over the table. "Ali! Ali!" she cried. "They've kill you! Ali——" Chafik dropped the match as it burned his fingers.

IN the light of Abdullah's torch, the girl saw the body more clearly. "Not Ali!" she said, looking up at them, too dazed by relief to wonder who they were. "But this man," she went on, "this kind man with the sad eyes who gave me Ali's message——"

"What message?" asked Chafik.

"Ali could not meet me tonight. The man, the one who lies here, stopped my carriage when I was coming back from visiting friends and told me—Oh!" cried the girl, suddenly aware that the man was dead, and turning to flee.

Chafik grabbed her arm. "You are Noemi?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not know who that is there?" He prayed that she had not recognized her father so changed by all these years.

Noemi said: "He looked at me strangely when we met, as if we were acquaintances, but I did not know him." The daughter of Sheik Majid shuddered, wrenched free, and instinctively ran to Abdullah, who held her gently.

"You father of daughters!" said Chafik. Angry because duty compelled him to restrain compassion, he shouted: "Her tears are overgenerous like monsoon rains."

"Sir! I protest——"

"Abdullah, she had a rendezvous here; a wayward child trysting on her wedding eve." He tossed away his cigarette. Had the father known about the tryst? he asked himself. Had he tried to stop it and had there been a fatal quarrel with Risa? Chafik went to the girl and forced her to look at him. "You love Ali Risa?" he asked harshly.

With all the defiance of a seventeen-year-old she said: "Let all the world know."

"Tomorrow you wed another——"

"What choice have I? An Arab woman has no rights. Yes, I marry the creature of Ursule's choosing, but I hate him, and I hate her. I love Ali and shall always love Ali. And she knows it," shouted Noemi, pointing behind him.

He turned. A woman stood in the path, watching and listening, a woman of medium build and years, and comfortably fleshed. A robe was draped around her shoulders, but the folds that should have veiled her face were thrown back. She was carefully groomed, handsome, her manner commanding.

Inspector Chafik recognized her and salaamed. "Lady Ursule," he said, and announced, "I am Chafik J. Chafik of the police——"

Sheik Majid's former wife raised her hand and sent the girl running.

"Madame——" the inspector began.

"You will attend to your own affairs, policeman," Ursule said coldly. "There has been an unseemly disturbance—shooting—in my garden."

"I regret it, but death is no respecter of property."

"You will go about your work decently," Ursule went on in her insolent voice. "There is to be no scandal." She looked into the arbour and shuddered. "It was suicide, of course."

"What makes you say that?" asked the inspector.

"Young lovers are foolish. This Risa, he——"

"Madame, that is not Risa there."

Ursule was visibly upset. "Not Risa?" she said. "Of course it is Risa. Who else would be so vulgarly romantic as to come here and shoot himself on Noemi's wedding eve?"

"One you know, madame, and he did not kill himself." Angered by the woman's manner, Chafik raised the dead face and brutally turned it towards her.

"Majid!" she cried. "Oh, fool, fool!" She drew the folds of her robe over her head and fled, shrieking.

When the inspector saw her again it was in the house and his men were everywhere. The dawn was spreading over the desert, and the chant of the prayer callers came from the towers of Baghdad's many mosques.

Ursule had recovered by now and said: "I regret my weakness. It was the shock."

"Understandable," he said sympathetically. "Divorce is never a successful operation; there

Tarik sucked a sweet while Chafik questioned

him. Suddenly the curtains were flung open and Ursule stood there. "Silence, you fool!" she cried

is always, perhaps, a trace of memory left——"

She looked at him coldly. "You are mistaken, policeman. I have no lingering affection for Majid. He was a traitor, and it is right that he should be dead. I was shocked that it should have been done in my garden."

The inspector abandoned compassion. "Why were you so sure that it was Risa?" he demanded. "Did you hear something, see something? Why were you dressed for the day instead of the night? Were you expecting a visitor?"

"You are insolent!"

"And you, madame, are evasive."

"I was dressed," Ursule said, "because I awaited my nephew——"

"Ah, yes, the bridegroom. Here it is the dawn of his wedding day, and he has not yet found his bed."

"Tarik went to a party——"

"Given by Mr. Rinaldi, a friend," the inspector said, and absently quoted a police record: "Rinaldi, Hussein. Age: thirty-one. Inherited fortune from his father. Two wives, three mistresses. Entertains lavishly. . . . There were at least a hundred guests invited last night," Chafik added, remembering a routine report.

Ursule lost her poise and cried: "You police! You know everything."

"Duty, madame——"

"Spying, always spying! Yes, it is true I was disturbed. I saw a man in the garden——"

The inspector was astonished by this sudden co-operation, but he looked at Ursule calmly.

"It was just before the shooting," she went on. "I was looking out of my window, waiting for Tarik, and saw a man run down the path toward the pool."

"Why did you not call the servants?"

"This was not a matter for servants; I thought I recognized Risa. I knew my stepdaughter had been having secret meetings with him. I was about to go and send him away when the shots came. That is why I thought it was his body in the arbour, that he had committed suicide——"

"And you saw nobody else?" Chafik's fingers began to move nervously. Ursule stared at them and cried: "Will you stop that? I will not stay here to be tormented."

She turned to leave, but at that moment a door at the back of the room opened, and a shambling, heavily built youth came in, escorted by a constable. "He was found entering the house by a window, sir," the officer said.

The youth had an over-large head, a flat, vacant face and thick lips; his animal-like eyes were small and sly, and they stared with panic. Seeing Ursule, he wrenched himself free and ran to her. "Aunt! Aunt! Who are these people?" He spoke in the thin treble of a child.

URSULE shouted at Chafik. "How dare you men touch him! Tarik has a right to be here." And then she said to her nephew, soothing him: "You are late, so late. Was that why you entered by the window? You were afraid I would scold you? Poor Tarik——"

"I—I——" Tarik began, his lips trembling.

"Yes, you were naughty, but I forgive you. This is your wedding eve. Your party kept you; it is understandable. You had trouble finding a carriage? Where did you leave it? Why didn't you drive to the door? Why——?"

Chafik said sharply: "Madame, let me do the questioning."

"You would frighten him. You can see how timid he is. And what has poor Tarik done except come home late from his party?"

The inspector shrugged and looked at the constable, who said: "He did come in a carriage, sir. He left it a short distance away."

"He saw the house lighted up and was afraid I was waiting up to scold him," Ursule said hastily. "Isn't that so, Tarik?"

"It was lighted up and I was afraid you would scold me," repeated the youth.

At that moment his shifting gaze stopped and brightened, and he went across the room to a table where there was a bowl of sweetmeats. His sliding gait reminded Chafik of Leila's description of Tarik: he creeps with the reptiles.

Tarik greedily filled his mouth. His thick lips smacked with coarse delight and, after wiping his sticky hands on his clothes, he reached toward the bowl again.

Ursule said: "Enough! Go to your room and rest. Today you wed——"

"Today I wed. Noemi. . . ." He mouthed the name as though it were another candy, and his hands darted to the bowl again. He went out smiling.

The inspector could not hide his disgust. "Why tell him he is to wed?" he asked Ursule. "How can there be a wedding with the bride's father dead in your garden?"

"That makes no difference."

"But——"

"Majid was a stateless man, a rebel; there is no mourning period for him. Noemi has no father. She marries Tarik," Ursule said, and left the room.

Chafik stood motionless, shocked into silence. But when Sergeant Abdullah entered, the inspector said: "Surely dogs howl in Baghdad when the Lady Ursule walks the streets."

Abdullah had news. "We have found the gun, sir; it was in the pool. An automatic. When we heard the shooting I said——"

"Only a contortionist pats himself on the back," Chafik said absently.

He walked over to the table and the bowl of

Continued on page 53

LUCKY HEATHER FOR THE BRIDE!

But she *knows* she's going to have plenty of happiness. She knows that there'll be plenty of housework too. But she can be sure that with Puritan her hands will keep their smooth, wedding-day loveliness. That's why she'll always use Puritan, the *gentle* green household soap —the soap that cares for your home *and* your hands.

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CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD: Harry Hopkins visits Greece, and is told: "To get work here, you must know a big man—or pay money"

No jobs in paradise

THE EARTH ON THE hillsides was red and dry and stony. Poor soil indeed—and yet from these patchworks of sloping fields and narrow terraces came the finest Basma tobacco in the world, the fragrant and costly leaf—for years the commercial lifeblood of Greece—that filled the vast slab-sided warehouses of all these Macedonian towns, that had furnished the profits to build the handsome Italian-style villas that looked out over the beautiful harbour of Kavalla.

From a cluster of ancient roofs on a hilltop the thin, white pencil of a minaret pointed delicately skyward. There were still Turks in this part of Thrace—eastwards from Kavalla they had been allowed to stay in the great exchange of populations in 1924 in return for the Greeks allowed to remain in Istambul.

We passed a crossroads. My companion waved vaguely towards the north. "Could be in Bulgaria in an hour or so down that road," he said. "It's just over those mountains."

As the inhabitants of these parts need no reminding, it is a long and vulnerable frontier. During the late war the Bulgarians, descending like locusts, took away everything they could move, including household furniture. They built a special branch line into the country to transport their booty. When they had stripped everything they could, they lifted the line and took that away, too.

The standardized bungalows that for some way had lined the road on both sides had been built by the Bulgarians. They were tobacco families' bungalows, each with a wide covered veranda on one corner for the "manipulation" of the harvest—the slow and infinitely painstaking process by which the small, delicate leaves, gathered at night by the light of flash-lamps, are sorted for size, needled on to long threads and strung up in frames for slow drying in the sun.

The Bulgarian Government, moving its farmers into the new houses as the Greeks fled before the tide of war, planned—after a suitable plebiscite, of course—to take the frontiers of the Slav world down to the Aegean. They failed; but hope was not abandoned—for three years the flames of civil war were discreetly replenished from across the Bulgarian frontier.

The effort was no doubt worth making: for Greece is the key to the Balkans. Whoever occupies this stony peninsula, thrusting out into the eastern Mediterranean, outflanks other vital positions at this meeting place of continents. Whoever holds Greece commands a back door into Central Europe. It was the hard facts of geopolitics which, in March, 1947, compelled the birth of the Truman Doctrine—the beginning of U.S. aid to Europe.

If Greece had in fact fallen to the Communists, how immensely strengthened would have been Russia's hand! Turkey would have been isolated, the Arab world threatened. Titoism would not have been heard of.

If, on the other hand, the Cold War is really over at last and a new era of co-operation dawning, a stable and healthy Greece can have a consolidating influence on the affairs of

They sip coffee, and discuss the news at leisure. Life is good in Athens—for the lucky ones. And plans made at a café table may break a government

Central Athens, the city the tourist sees, is gay and elegant. But a bus ride away refugees from Asia Minor live in colonies of shacks, set along earth roads. Some have been there for thirty years

Women wash clothes on the shores of the island of Euboea. In the background rises the Aliveri power station, symbol of a new age. It will bring universal electricity to a large part of southern Greece

Europe out of all proportion to her size and population.

Well, then, we may ask: Just how healthy, just how stable is Greece today, six years after the end of her civil war?

Modern Greece was born in 1821, but she has never in fact truly attained the independence so proudly asserted when Archbishop Germanos unfurled the national standard in revolt against the Turkish Empire. Throughout its life, the path of this small, weak nation has been dogged by every sort of misfortune, from foreign occupations to earthquakes.

Beaten by the Turks, an impoverished Greece of five million people was, in 1924, suddenly required to take in one and a quarter million more from Anatolia. Then, when by 1940 it began to look as if Greece might be about to find her feet at last, Mussolini struck. The Germans came to the aid of the battered Italians. The Bulgarian locusts descended again. And for four years Greek guerilla bands roamed the tortured land, fighting sometimes the enemy, sometimes each other.

Found Country In Ruins

When the Greek Government returned to Athens in October, 1944, with the advancing British, they found a country in ruins. Almost every road bridge was down. The railway system was completely wrecked. Hundreds of villages had been razed. All major ports were demolished and the Corinth Canal blocked. The people had been ravaged by starvation. The currency was almost worthless.

It was in this setting that Greece underwent for a second time her ordeal by fire—the years of civil war, of atrocity and counter-atrocity, piling up the physical damage, but inflicting a graver hurt on the nation's soul.

And, always, through it all, as through all Greek history, the fundamental struggle for existence, for mere livelihood, has gone on.

In Salonika one evening, I went to see the regional director of agriculture. I found the stairs at his office jammed with waiting farmers. At the top, they crowded into a room where a meeting was going on. Afterwards the director told me what it was all about. The men, he said, were the children of the refugees—and, in Greece, "the refugees" still means the one and a quarter million who arrived in 1924. Slowly, he explained, all the Asia Minor refugees had been fixed up with plots of land. But now the children they had brought with them were grown men, often married and with children of their own.

And they had no land.

"They pleaded with me for anything—even one-tenth of an acre to build a house," said the director. "It was pitiful. It would have wrung your heart to hear them. But we could do nothing. There are others before them."

Village Of Landless Men

Later that week I found myself being driven across the vast Salonika plain to see for myself one of the villages from which the landless men had come. Koufalia turned out to be a large village of 6,500 people, growing wheat, vegetables and cotton. And clearly Koufalia was a progressive village as Greek villages go. It had a little growing park along its main street, and we passed a bunch of youths carrying books under their arms and wearing the gold-braided peak caps of the gymnasium (high school), set up by the villagers' efforts about eight years ago.

The mayor greeted us with enthusiasm in his little office off the main street. He made the ritual inquiry whether we would like our coffee unsweetened, medium sweet or sweet, and then half a dozen villagers came in and took the chairs along the walls. They were an interesting bunch of men, mainly in their fifties—and of every facial type from the mayor, a thin, nervous man with a long, sharp face, to Anton

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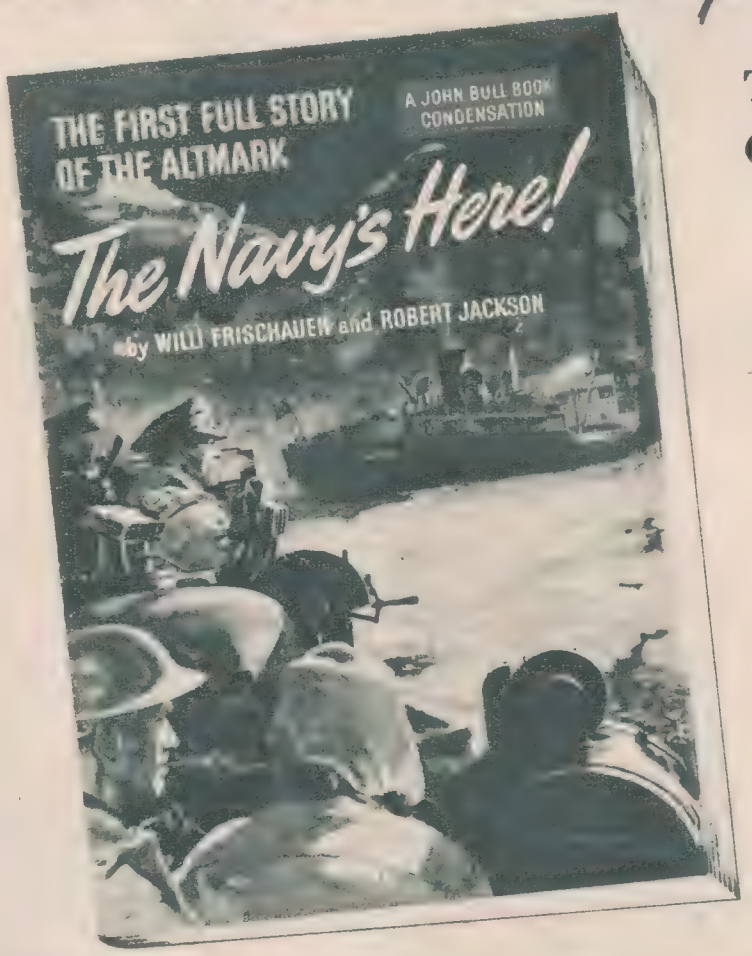

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC RECORD OF A FAMOUS ENCOUNTER AT SEA

EARLY in 1940, Britain thrilled to the news of a great rescue. Packed with British prisoners, the Altmark—secret supply ship of the scuttled pocket battleship Graf Spee—had nearly reached Germany. Then the British destroyer Cossack struck—and the captives heard the stirring shout: "The Navy's here!"

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Tatarides, who was an enormous, broad fellow with a face like a full moon.

Their stories, taken together, were the story of Koufalia: in its way an heroic story, a story of endurance. When they had arrived from Asia Minor in the twenties, they said, there had just been three small clusters of Bulgarian huts. Where the mayor's office and the main street now were, there had been nothing but fields. Each family had been allocated a "housing nucleus" and thirty-three stremas of land. Thirty-three stremas is just over eight acres.

Anton Tatarides's house, which he invited me to see, was clean inside and very decently furnished. But every room was crowded; every room had a bed, sometimes two. For where there had been only two people thirty years ago, now there were ten.

Every farmer in the village had the same tale to tell—a tale of quiet desperation.

Christ Gratides's son was already at the gymnasium. But because his land was all irrigated he didn't even have the thirty-three strema allowance, only fifteen.

"What can I do for my son?" he cried.

Athanasios Sarafides had four sons and a daughter—and a problem as grave. For how to provide a dowry for the daughter? How to appease a son-in-law—except by cutting a piece of the land already too small for his family?

But why don't the landless men go off and get jobs in the towns? They do go. But they do not get jobs. There are no jobs. In Salonika, a town of nearly half a million people, there are 20,000 out of work in the winter months, somewhat less than half that in summer when the big manipulating floors of the tobacco warehouses call for workers. And so it is in the towns all over Greece.

In fact, very many concerns are already carrying staffs much larger than they need. Employers must pay indemnities on the dismissal of workers. For to give anyone the sack is to face him with tragedy. His chances of ever finding another job are slim.

"To get a job in Greece," said a porter in my hotel, "you must have some 'big man' to speak for you—or you've got to pay money." He shook his head. "No influence, no money—no job!"

And so, in Koufalia, the boys who graduated in their classical studies at the gymnasium their parents had fought so hard to get either stayed on with their families and looked after the sheep—or drifted off to the cities to carry bags, sell newspapers and seek hopelessly for work.

It is the fate of youth all over Greece.

Reservoirs Of Discontent

And thus, year by year, the towns have become ever more bloated—vast reservoirs of discontent. From the heights of the Acropolis Athens is magnificent, an heroic sight, the vast spread of roofs, shining in that clear Athenian light, filling that great saucer in the hills until, on the rim, the white houses go climbing up the mountain sides.

But descend the steps, take a bus or a tram-car across to the Piraeus, the port of Athens—and you see a Greece very different from the Greece of the tourists.

The bright, wide modern streets of central Athens are soon left behind; the bus slows almost to a standstill to jolt over ruts in the road, dilapidation closes in. One passes colonies of shacks, set along earth roads. Some of the Asia Minor refugees live there—and have lived there, under these conditions, for thirty years.

For refugees, in Greece, are not a temporary phenomenon but a permanent feature of the national life. Now, to the Asia Minor refugees and to the steady flow of "refugees" from the overcrowded countryside have been added the dispossessed of the civil war and the refugees from behind the Iron Curtain. There are about five camps of them around Athens alone. I saw one party in an old convent, another in a disused tobacco warehouse, another in an old hotel on the seafront at Phaleron.

The inside of the hotel was an incredible honeycomb of sacking and old cardboard and electric-light flex. In these improvised rooms lived Greek shopkeepers—and shipowners—expelled from Rumania, Greeks from the Soviet zone of Austria, Greeks from the Crimea who had been exiled to Tashkent after the German retreat, Greeks from the Northern Epirus area of Albania, even Greeks from China who sometimes did not even speak Greek, though they held Greek passports.

In the tobacco warehouse I met a Greek from Shanghai who was married to a Latvian. For thirty years he had been a business man in China, first with a sausage factory, then with a wine-making business catering for European tastes. He had lost all he had—and now

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THE CHESS MASTER

by ***ROBERT ZACKS***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

I was going to see a man's heart broken. The great Valdoni was to be beaten at last—by a machine

I THINK I MAY CALL myself a friend of Valdoni, the chess master. And because of this friendship I was privileged to witness one of the strangest struggles any man has ever seen.

I myself precipitated the affair. I found myself reading one day the report of the latest marvel of the scientists, the cybernetics men. Cybernetics engineers are the brilliant creators of those strange new machines we sometimes hear about: electronic "brains" which will, in a few moments of incredibly swift functioning, duplicate what it takes a dozen mathematicians six months to compute.

My eye was caught by the word "chess," and I read the report. The new "brain," an electronic computer, had been designed to perform one function only: to play the game of chess. The moves of the human opponent were fed into the machine on a perforated tape. The placing of the holes in the tape guided the problem to the "brain."

And this machine could not be beaten. . . .

My mind lingered on this last fact, and suddenly I had a mental image of Valdoni, the chess master. And I felt a little sick.

I remember clearly that I sat there for a while staring out of the window, thinking of the first time I had met Valdoni. It was five years before and I was going off to the Continent. I had spent the night at a Channel port, and in the morning I took a turn on the front.

Not far from my hotel, I saw a crowd assembled outside a marquee. Ten tables, small card tables, had been set up with a folding chair before each one. A group of men was gathered around one of the tables watching a man setting up a chessboard and chessmen for a game. When he finished he went to the next table and set up another game.

The group frowned at me as I approached and one of them, a determined-looking stout man with rimless glasses, hurried to me, spreading his arms as if to block me. He said agitatedly, "I'm sorry, no reporters. Mr. Valdoni specifically stated he wants no reporters."

"I'm not a reporter," I said. "I just came out to get some air. What's going on?"

"Valdoni is giving the local chess club a day of his time," explained the stout man. "Ten games at once: he plays blindfolded."

"Really?" I said. "This Valdoni must be pretty good!"

The man's manner changed perceptibly. With an impatient, scornful little gesture he dismissed me by asking, curtly, if I would be so good as to keep out of the way. Valdoni was just passing through and consented to this chess exhibition on condition he was not delayed longer than was necessary to get on with his trip to Paris where a tournament would be starting.

So I stood aside keeping very quiet. A small, balding, gentle-eyed man of fifty, with his remaining hair iron grey, arrived in a taxi a few moments later when the tables were all set up.

He was greeted by the men with the humbleness and awe that verges on the religious and he grinned like a cheerful urchin at them, shook them warmly by the hand and they ushered him to the first table. Each table now had a local inhabitant nervously seated before it and a bandage was put over Valdoni's eyes with much jesting and laughter.

But I could see on the faces of the players the tight determination to play a game that would, perhaps, trip this little master.

It certainly was a strange sight. As a few early risers wandered toward the pier—among them a boy with a fishing rod looking startled, and a puzzled dockworker in greasy dungarees—Valdoni moved from board to board. The opponent's move would be called out to him, "Pawn to King four." Remarks like that, unfamiliar to me. He would call out *his* move, the piece would be moved for him, then Valdoni would go on to the next board. He would have to remember the positions of the pieces on every board and play from memory. It was quite a stunt.

VALDONI won every game. He took off the bandage and smilingly shook hands all around and they drove him to the harbour. I followed, and finally I managed to find him alone and I introduced myself to him.

"If you are going to Paris, Mr. Valdoni, perhaps you would care to accompany me? My car is being shipped over on the next boat, and I am driving straight there. I'd be happy to have your company. . . ."

His face lit up with joy. "Ah, that is fine, that is just wonderful," he crowed like a small boy who is getting a gallon of ice-cream. "I will be very happy to save the fare, I will apply for a refund. Thank you, my friend."

So we went across together, and picked up my car at the other side, and drove off. I've never had such an interesting companion on a drive. Valdoni's mind was like a high-voltage wire that's broken in a storm and spits brilliance unexpectedly, warning that within the confines of the familiar shape is surging power

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It was the human mind versus the e

ronic brain. Worn with exhaustion, Valdoni bent over the board, making his gallant, impossible gesture of defiance. He was there for sixteen hours

FORGOTTEN KINGDOM (3) by Peter Goullart

We feast and dance before the storm

The people of my Chinese paradise were still gay; then strangers with hard faces began to fill the streets of Likiang. The end came with Communist "liberation"

Likiang's main street beside the river. The town became deserted when brigands threatened: even girls took swords and went to join the defenders

MY HORSE WAS slithering and struggling down the trail; it was more a delayed fall than a regular descent, and far below me the river twisted and foamed in its gorges like a green dragon. So steep was the path that in places I had to cling to wayside trees. Then worse terrors began: a hanging bridge over a roaring stream had to be crossed; my route ran along the wall of a sheer cliff with a fall of a thousand feet on one side. My legs felt weak when I reached the village, perched on a small shelf above the River of Golden Sand, as the people here called the Yangtze.

I had come to inspect the copper mining co-operative that I had set up in a remote village thirty miles from Likiang in the mountains of Yunnan, south-west China. The Chunking Government had ordered me to this wild region several years before, in 1941, to start small co-operatives among the poorer workers. My headquarters was in Likiang itself, a large town reached only after a hazardous caravan journey through the robber-haunted Nanshan Mountains. The main tribe in the area was the Nakhi; they were gay and cultured and, for me, their way of life made Likiang a Shangri-la.

Many people came to call on me at the copper mining village, and I was handed an invitation to a wedding feast that same evening. I was glad to accept as I was assured that many strange tribes would attend, and the Nahki customs here were different from those in Likiang.

THE bridegroom's house was somewhere by the river and it was dark when we descended to the torrent. For at least a thousand yards we had to jump from boulder to boulder, over the dark waters rushing between. I was quite exhausted when we reached the party. The house was on a ledge just above the river, and the bonfires on the bank were reflected in the racing waters. There were crowds of men and women inside and outside as we arrived. The youths, in blue turbans, skin jackets and pants, played on flutes and *houloussehs*—a kind of bagless bagpipes made of bamboo stems with a gourd for resonance.

Hoyei, the mine manager, came up to me with the bridegroom. "There are important guests here tonight," he said, "and we want you to meet them." I followed them into an upper room where a dignified woman in a blue skirt and crimson jacket sat at the table with an oldish man with a long moustache.

"Please let me introduce the baroness and

Goullart leads the way to his remote mountain iron foundry. The workers there fled from strangers, and built nests in the trees for their children

her husband," Hoyei was saying. The woman smiled and pointed to a place next to her.

"We are from the Black Lissu tribe," she said. I bowed.

"We live at the castle on top of that mountain across the river," she said, pointing. "Lately we have had much trouble. Those dogs, the Black Lolos, have attacked us and burned three of my people's houses. Luckily we beat them off.

"I wanted to bring my sons and daughters here today, but they cannot be spared. They are up at the castle defending it."

I sat down. She offered me a bowl of white wine and indicated the dishes of food, of which I pretended to eat a little. She was very good-looking for her age, which must have been forty-eight or fifty. She wore a high silver collar with a clasp and long silver ear-rings with hollow silver bubbles. Her husband's face was flushed from drinking and he looked sleepy. Glancing round the room, I noticed several rifles stacked in the corner.

"These are our arms," the baroness said. "We always have them handy."

The wedding feast was already over; now the guests were dancing and celebrating in the courtyard below. "Let us go down to watch the dancing," said the baroness. I followed her. A snaking file of youths and women was undulating round the fire. There was no singing, but dance music was provided by a dozen or so of the mountain boys playing on flutes. The music was soft and lilting and in no way different in its rhythm from a foxtrot.

"Let us dance," said the baroness.

"I can follow the music, but I am not sure about the steps," I said.

"Never mind. I will show you." she said, joining the dancers. I followed her with my hands on her shoulders.

"You stepped on my toe," she cried when I made a wrong step; and I apologized.

"Disgraceful! Look at that woman embracing that boy. She could be his grandmother," she said, indicating an elderly woman who was hanging on to a handsome mountain boy dressed in skins. Romance was rampant. Girls were dancing as if in a trance, clasping their boy friends round the waist and looking at them as if they were little gods.

There was a blast of flutes and pipes and the boys rushed into the middle of the courtyard executing a Cossack dance, kicking their sandalled feet in the air. Then there was another dance which was a kind of Big Apple, and like little furies the girls jumped on to the boys and were whirled by them until exhausted. It was already very late and everybody was getting drunk. I bowed to the baroness, who pressed me to visit her across the river, where she and her husband were returning on the following day.

In the morning we went to see them off. Three rafts waited for them. Each raft consisted of twenty or thirty inflated pigskins, held together by a flimsy bamboo frame. The baroness and her husband lay down on one raft and their suite occupied the others. Naked men, swimming in the water and holding the raft with one hand, helped to direct its course.

The current was terrific, and the raft twisted and bobbed up and down until they touched the other bank at the intended spot. Horses and retainers awaited the party there and they started slowly up the barren side of the mountain towards the forest and their castle.

I HAD forty-five co-operatives in and around Likiang; they included metal founding, butter making, leather tanning—and there was even a dry-noodle society. Two weaving co-operatives were run entirely by women. The head of one was a gigantic, elderly woman who beat her men insensible for any shortcomings or excessive opium smoking.

Some of the co-operatives were far outside Likiang. One of these was the copper mine; another, the iron foundry, was a day's journey into the Snow Mountains.

The work at the iron mine started early in the morning. Men dug the ore out of the pits on the hillside, where it was very rich. A great furnace of stones, bricks and clay, bound with wooden poles on the outside, stood nearby. The foundry was worked by the timid Miao tribe, who were considered great specialists. The people near the co-operative were the White Miao, with whom the retreat from the world and from other people became at times absurd. It was not only the presence of a stranger, a foreigner or Chinese, in their midst which frightened them; even the mere news that someone was coming to their village sent them all scampering for cover in the forests.

WHEN I first went to visit their villages there was nobody left in the houses. This ridiculous situation only changed much later when I became friendly with the Miao members of the co-operative. They promised that their people would not run away.

They went with me, holding my hands like children led by a nanny. I noticed that if I smiled everything was all right, but as soon as my face became serious they were frightened and tended to run away. And so, when dealing with them, I always tried to grin.

The Miao huts were very low and dark, and the women, in white petticoats, sat inside weaving hempen cloth on primitive looms. In some of the low trees near the huts I noticed huge nests, and I was wondering what kind of birds built them when suddenly I saw children's heads popping out of them.

"These are our children," my Miao friends told me. "They always sleep there at night. We are poor and have no bedding. At night it is very cold, so the children sleep there together for warmth." Indeed, there they were—huddled in the dried leaves with only a rag between them to cover themselves.

The poverty of the Miao was unbelievable. There was nothing in the huts resembling furniture or utensils. There were some vessels made of bark, bamboo or wood, but no beds and no bedding. The men themselves were in rags, semi-naked, with no protection either for modesty or from cold.

They needed money, but had almost nothing to sell, except perhaps a chicken or two or the

A Nakhi couple in traditional dress. When the Communists took power, they arrested a number of Likiang elders and paraded them with placards giving details of their "crimes against the people"

inevitable pig. Their work at the co-operative helped, but it was not enough. The money was needed not so much to buy food, of which they had just enough, poor though it was, but to buy a wife and provide a wedding feast. That must be done.

The wedding feast was the only time when all these villagers had plenty to eat and plenty to drink. These were the rare and important events when they could glimpse a ray of joy and happiness and forget for a day the unutterable misery of their existence.

THERE were many hazards to face when I visited my outlying co-operatives. On one journey I stopped at a teashop in dangerous tribal territory. My companion, I noticed, was looking anxiously at some tribesmen sitting at another table.

I saw that he was trying to isolate me from them, and I asked him what was the matter. He said that many of the local tribesmen were adepts in casting evil spells. This was accomplished not by occult methods but by throwing a microscopic pellet of poison by a flick of the finger into the victim's cup of tea or wine. Without anything being apparently wrong with him, the man's health steadily declined and he died in a couple of months.

I pointed out that I was not a likely subject for such poisoning as I had not done anything to harm these people, but my companion was not persuaded. He said that they had a different mentality from ours and often followed strange, irrational fancies, doing many abominable things just for the fun of it.

The New Year celebrations in Likiang provided the old men of the town with an opportunity to stage several concerts of sacred music, at which they were adept. It was wonderful and extraordinary to hear the music which may have been played during the time of Confucius himself.

A blow was struck at Chinese civilization by the loss of Confucius's own Book of Music. It was probably destroyed during the great burning of books undertaken by Ch'in Shi Huang Ti, builder of the Great Wall of China. Yet it is impossible to believe that the tradition did not survive in some remote places.

The Nakhi were fortunate in having had a long contact with the great General Chukoliang of the Three Kingdoms period, about A.D. 221-265. That cultured general spent years in and around what is now Likiang. He spared no effort or money to implant Chinese culture among the tribes, of whom he evidently preferred the Nakhi.

Tradition says that he himself taught them the sacred music, as he believed firmly in its civilizing influence. He left them a legacy of the musical instruments of that period and the sacred scores, and his able students and their descendants reverently preserved them for succeeding generations.

WHEN I was in Likiang, sacred concerts were usually held at some rich man's house. The instruments were carefully arranged in a long room, and the atmosphere was reverent and religious, with the scent of incense in great brass burners.

There were the old carved frames on which multi-toned bronze bells were hanging in rows. Another frame had rows of crescent-shaped chromatic jade pieces. A great and sonorous gong was suspended from a stand. There was a great *chin*—the ancestor of the modern piano—lying on a long table. Only very few people knew how to play it. And there were huge standing guitars, and several kinds of long and short flutes and pipes.

The old musicians, all formally dressed in long gowns, took their seats unhurriedly, stroking their white beards. One man acted as conductor. They peered at the score: a flute wailed and one by one other instruments joined in.

The music was majestic and inspiring and proceeded in rising and falling cadences. Then, as a climax, the great gong was struck. I have never heard in China such a deep and sonorous gong: the whole house seemed to vibrate with its velvety waves.

Rising from their chairs, the elders sang a sacred ode. Then the symphony continued with notes of unimagined sweetness, falling like a cascade from the jade crescents, and giving way to a golden shower of sound from the bells. The chords from the great *chin* were like diamonds dropped into the golden melody.

JULY, which was the month before the rainy season, had several festivals. With the rice already planted, the people did not have much to do, and the younger set devoted the evenings to dancing and to flying hot air balloons. During the day one could see the young people pasting together the oiled sheets of rough paper to form a balloon.

These balloons were then dried in the sun and were ready for use in the evening. Crowds gathered to watch. A burning torch was tied underneath; the balloon swelled and quickly rose into the air to the shouts of excited spectators. The higher it rose, the more good luck it promised to its owner.

Some went up very high indeed and floated in the sky like red stars. In the end they burst into flames and fell. Sometimes there were as many as twenty of these balloons floating through the dark sky. Balloon flying lasted for a couple of weeks and it was great fun.

Then there was the festival of All Souls' Day, when tiny boats were made of paper; small candles were lit in them and they were floated down the swift Likiang River.

But the greatest festival in July was the Fire Jumping. Every household constructed a pyramid, two or three feet high, of wood splinters, grass and incense sticks tied together and decorated with flowers.

These bundles were placed upright in the middle of the street in front of each house. The day was spent in feasting and drinking; at night each bundle was lit and, as they began to blaze, the young people jumped over them. It was considered to be lucky and I did it myself without any ill effects.

LIKIANG could hold the doubtful honour of being the world's suicide capital. There was not a family that did not number a suicide or two among its members. Suicide was looked upon as a convenient and desirable way of escape from a tangled love affair, a severe loss of face, and from many other unfortunate situations.

Suicide was not committed haphazardly in an undignified or casual manner as in the West. The Nakhi, like other Orientals, considered entry into the Beyond to be a serious and ceremonious affair.

A variety of reliable and lethal methods was recommended for the purpose. The best and surest was the root of black aconite boiled in oil, and it was reasonably swift. It caused great suffering, but had the advantage of paralysing the larynx instantly so that no cries or groans could betray the whereabouts of the expiring suicides to any search parties.

Pacts between girls and boys accounted for at least eighty per cent of the suicides in Likiang. Next on the list were the unhappily married women; the rest were from miscellaneous causes. This unusual and alarming prevalence of suicide among the young people was caused entirely by the marriage system of the Nakhi, which had

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never suited the passionate character of these free and independent people.

In their fervour to implant Chinese civilization among their people, earlier Nakhi rulers had introduced a strict and uncompromising Confucian marriage code, whose provisions caused untold misery and death in this otherwise happy valley.

According to old Chinese custom, it is the parents who arrange marriages for their children, without the slightest regard for their likes and dislikes. Most of the engagements are concluded between the families when their children are still in their infancy.

It is considered highly improper for the prospective brides and grooms to meet each other before their marriage. It is only during the wedding ceremony that they see each other for the first time; nobody is interested in whether they like each other or not after the wedding night. They have to stay together and there is nothing more to be said about it. No engagement concluded by the parents may be broken off in any circumstances.

WITH the Nakhi the system rarely worked. Sometimes there was mutual liking between future partners and all was well. But in many cases dislike was mutual. From this sprang a continual regrouping of the eternal triangles, and clandestine love was rather the rule in Likiang than the exception.

Sometimes the unhappy lovers separated when the formal marriage took place, and sullenly paired with their unloved spouses, but when love was too strong they decided to end it all. This was especially the case when a baby was on the way. The girl would be killed by her parents anyway, and the only escape was a suicide in which her lover was in honour bound to join.

As the boys did not have a penny of their own, the girls were always called upon to finance the formal suicide ceremony.

They had to get new clothes, food and wine. Then, hand in hand, the couple slipped away into the mountains, where they ate and danced to their hearts' content, until the end.

When a boy and a girl were missing from their homes for more than two days, the parents always suspected suicide. There was no time lost in organizing a thorough search, and in a few days the bodies of the unhappy lovers would be found at some far-away spot. The parents wailed and beat their breasts; yet were the lovers caught alive, they would be reviled and perhaps beaten to death by parents or neighbours, because it was necessary to save face after such disgrace.

When a Nakhi girl married, she had to wear the black mitre of a matron, and sleep in a side room on the ground floor of the house. Her husband slept in the drawing room, and during the day his bed served as a sofa. There were no double beds: husband and wife were not supposed to sleep together throughout the night. If their neighbours had found out that they did so, they would have been disgraced in the village.

MALE friends visiting the husband always slept with their host, two or three in the bed, while women shared their beds with visiting girl friends. It was a lucky and valued guest who, as a special honour, was asked to share a bed with the grandfather of the house.

The year 1949 opened inauspiciously. The Nationalist Chinese régime was fighting a rearguard action against the Communists and its control was shrinking rapidly. Yunnan Province was in danger. Bands of Communist guerrillas roamed the area, seizing a small town here and a village there. Although Likiang was still peaceful there was a restiveness in the air as caravans brought more and more news of troubles elsewhere.

In March there was an uprising at Yungpei, a prosperous town on the other side of the Yangtze River; it was engineered by an army officer and bandit named Lokyun. The town was looted and all the leading citizens put under arrest. Then we learned that Lokyun planned to march on Likiang with ten thousand picked troops.

It was decided that all the Nakhi must fight. Likiang would never surrender. A mobilization order was issued calling on every able-bodied man to come from his village with whatever arms he had. A message was sent by runner to Chungdien asking the Tibetans to help.

The villagers came pouring into Likiang from the plains and mountains. They carried antique muskets, bows and arrows, halberds and lances. There were some firearms at the government offices, and these were given out.

Most of the local girls came to join their sweethearts and brothers. They brought provisions—and rifles and long knives. The Tibetans arrived, hefty, hearty fellows, very ferocious looking. They were a cavalry unit and they swaggered through the town on their shaggy ponies.

Under cover of night, Lokyun's forces crossed the river in ferries. After sacking the small town of Hoking, they advanced on Likiang. When they reached the Nakhi defence lines there was a great battle.

The Nakhi men fought bravely and well, and the girls at their sides distinguished themselves by their ferocity and fearlessness. It was reported that one girl killed five robbers with her own hands. A charge by the Tibetan cavalry rounded off the Nakhi attack.

The invaders were utterly defeated and driven back to the gates of Hoking. Their leader, Lokyun, escaped. The wounded returned to the city and I spent all my time dressing their injuries. For a couple of days my house looked like a hospital.

SOMEHOW things changed after that; Likiang was not the same place. The old sense of security and certainty had vanished and the people had lost some of their zest for work and even for play. Lokyun was gone but the damage he had done lingered. No one in town or in the villages seemed to be interested in co-operatives. People whispered and talked in small groups and went about their business listlessly.

Finally I decided to go to see my friend Wuhan and ask his advice. He had friends throughout the district and was sure to know what was going on.

He told me that the secret Communist advance guard had already infiltrated into Likiang and everything was ready for a coup; they were waiting for the arrival of certain important leaders who were coming secretly from Kunming. It could only be a week or two before Likiang was taken over.

I went home in a gloomy mood. Likiang was filled with a murky, unclean atmosphere; there were strangers in the streets. They passed with grave, cold faces. There was a suggestion of ruthlessness and arrogance as they pushed their way through the crowds.

At last the dreaded day arrived. It was announced that Likiang had been liberated. A Communist Executive Committee was promptly established. The magistrate was arrested along with a number of town elders. The head of the local militia, Captain Yang, fled and they arrested his third wife.

All the scamps and the village bullies, who had not done a stroke of honest work in their lives, suddenly blossomed out as accredited members of the Communist Party, and swaggered about with special red armbands and badges and the peculiar caps with duckbill visors which seemed to be the hallmark of a Chinese Red.

I WAS introduced to the Executive Committee. Some had a good knowledge of Russian and had evidently had their training in the U.S.S.R. A few other members were, surprisingly, Nakhi whom I had not known before, and who had recently arrived from Peking where they had probably been trusted officials of the Red Government. They were quite civil and looked intelligent and cultured.

The début of the new government was the shooting of the local doctor's brother, a wretch who had once nearly poisoned me with chloroform at a party. Everybody had to go to witness this execution. I did not go as

"How did it go today, Mrs. Burbridge?"

I am not a lover of morbid sights, and was later fined for non-attendance. Afterwards I had to pay many fines for this sort of offence.

Next day there was a procession of elders and others accused of opium-smoking and crimes against the people. The wife of Captain Yang was among them. With bound hands they shuffled along, carrying on their backs huge placards announcing the nature of their crimes. It was a pitiful sight.

To protect the revolution, the militia had been disarmed and then re-organized into a new unit, a little army to which all the young men now belonged. Not to be outdone, and in the new spirit of equality of sexes, many girls dressed in soldiers' blue uniforms, cut off their hair and became soldiers too, staying at the same barracks and eating together with the men.

There was no suggestion of immorality because love was prohibited, along with wine and fine food. These recruits were given very little to eat and what they had was poor.

However, to forestall grumbling, the officers ate with the men, and these tactics went well with the village bumpkins; but others were not deceived. The officers were members of the Executive Committee which held its sessions always in the dead of night; and these sessions were not held on empty stomachs, for sumptuous dinners, wine and even opium preceded the business.

There were daily parades of boys and girls everywhere with eternal singing to the tune of "John Brown's Body" and hymns of praise for Mao Tse-tung. The old Nakhi dances were prohibited and replaced by the new Communist dances which were neither attractive nor becoming. Many people donned the blue uniforms. Hired labour was abolished and all the village people had to work collectively.

There were continual arrests, usually at night, decreed by the Executive Committee, and secret executions. It was reported that an old man at one village was shot by a squad commanded by his own son.

The local merchants had been fined and had to pay out thousands of dollars to the Executive Committee. These fines were not final and further levies were hinted at. Failure to pay up was a signal for the arrest of the victim and his probable liquidation.

Several merchants had already been arrested and their executions were pending; and the magistrate was also on the list. The inveterate opium smokers and elders were either locked up in jail or allowed to buy their freedom by further stupendous fines. The young bloods of the town were also recruited into the militia and had to exercise and march on almost empty stomachs. All of them had been opium smokers and I could well imagine their sufferings.

One day a group of the new officials appeared at my gate and confiscated all the machinery and tools sent by America for our co-operatives. They also took all my accounts and receipts for the loans we had made. Afterwards they went to the co-operative societies themselves and confiscated their knitting and sewing machines, which I had previously sold to them on behalf of our office.

I tried to find out the reason for such drastic and precipitate action.

"All this belongs to the people now," the officials said. "We are going to create our own people's co-operatives on a grand scale. Where a co-operative society of yours had thirty members, ours will have three thousand."

What could I say to such economic absurdity?

After these incidents and several remarks, overheard from the members of the Executive Committee, that I was an agent of Western Imperialism, I decided that I must leave Likiang before the Russian advisers and the regular O.G.P.U. from Peking arrived.

I went to see the Executive Committee and, if there was any opposition to my departure, it was quickly quashed by the Nakhi members. The Committee authorized my departure by chartered plane, but on condition that it should bring from Kunming several thousand silver dollars which the government there owed to Likiang teachers. But communications with Kunming had been severed, so a runner had to go to Tali to send the telegram. I waited anxiously. A reply finally came that the plane would pick me up on July 24.

I never mentioned to anybody that I was going away for good. I only said that I was going to Kunming to fetch the new consignment of medicine which had arrived there for us from the International Red Cross.

For two days I went round the town talking to friends and acquaintances, saying goodbye to them. Even to my closest friends, I did not say that I was not returning, but they were not stupid and I knew that they guessed.

It was a bright, sunny day when the aircraft arrived to take me away. It brought heavy chests full of silver for the schools; they were unloaded and I put my luggage aboard. The airfield was ringed with soldiers and sightseers.

The propellers turned, I fastened my safety belt and the plane taxied to the far end of the meadow, turned and started its run with a roar. A crowd of Nakhi and Tibetans waved, then I was flying over my beloved Likiang with its streams and tiled roofs.

My last glimpse was of the great River of Golden Sand winding through its deep gorge, shadowed dark blue in the setting sun. THE END

"Forgotten Kingdom," by Peter Goullart, will be published shortly as a book by John Murray at 18s.

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COFFEE GOES GAY

Continued from page 19

gives seventy to eighty cups to the pound, nearly double the yield of old-fashioned coffee urns.

By 1953 the British coffee boom was on. Since that time, about six hundred espresso machines have been sold in this country. Not all of them are Gaggias—six firms now compete with various models. But the Gaggia still holds the greater part of the sales.

"The espresso machine has brought revolution to the catering trade," says one distributor. "It has given a boost to financial speculators, a surge to the allied trades, and coffee nerves to the younger generation."

He says that coffee consumption is up by one half in two years. Catering departments of big stores like Fortnum and Mason and Harrods, cinema chains, and restaurants have installed the machines. A London public house recently ordered one, and it has mysteriously increased beer sales.

The opening of new coffee houses, each one designed around an espresso, has been financed largely by people who previously had little or nothing to do with the catering trade. Furriers, tailors, dentists, sculptors, psychiatrists and even Diana Dors have joined the long list of speculators who have invested in the boom. The pattern became: a small outlay for décor, rapid turnover with the aid of an espresso machine that could cost less than £100, and a quick withdrawal of profits before selling out.

A machine-sales expert estimates that new coffee houses are still opening or changing hands at the rate of one or two a week. And there is no sign that the boom is played out.

More To Come?

One estimate is that the present coffee consumption of one and a half pounds per person each year in Britain will increase to five pounds in as many years, settling at half the annual consumption of tea; and that London alone, by that time, may be supporting about two thousand coffee houses. There was that number in London in the eighteenth century.

What gave the present boom its initial impetus was not only the coffee, but the contemporary and "arty" styles of decoration which the new coffee houses adopted.

The first man to hit on this idea was a one-armed Polish flier, whose wife continually complained about the poor quality of coffee in Britain. He bought a second-hand machine in Switzerland and, late in 1952, opened the first "contemporary-style" house, the Coffee Inn in Park Lane.

In June 1953, after six months of preparation, a wine importer named Renato Cimatti pooled his savings with Douglas Fisher, an interior decorator, and opened the second—the Mocamba in Knightsbridge. The combination of espresso coffee, an exotic name, and contemporary decoration—with the atmosphere of Coronation Year to help it—became a fad.

Most of the new coffee houses have gone in for exotic decoration. Flying glass fountains, bamboo and chequer-board walls, mobiles, ceramics, soft lighting and bizarre shapes have become their eye-catching stock in trade. They have brought a surge of prosperity to pottery makers, interior decorators and manufacturers of restaurant glassware.

One of the most startling, and probably the biggest, in London is El Cubano, which Cimatti and Fisher, having profited from the Mocamba, opened at a cost of £18,000 only a few yards away in Knightsbridge.

With A Cuban Air

It looks like an overgrown Cuban hut with low, matting-covered ceilings, stucco walls and bamboo fittings. The counter is pink marble, studded with painted tiles and partly covered with the hide of the wild lynx. Cactus, rubber and cocoa plants tangle with ceramic decorations, and the sound of jungle drums, specially recorded, seeps through secret places in the walls.

Ignoring the focal point of the décor—a wire cage of interlocking Chinese letters that confines two long-billed toucans—the Cuban consul apparently thought the atmosphere of the place authentic: he came uninvited to inaugurate El Cubano on its opening day.

It now claims to have the highest turnover in London for coffee and imaginative sandwiches (including Imperial Russian Caviare on rye, smoked cod's roe and gherkins, and shrimps in mayonnaise), a gross revenue of £1,000 a week, and the most polyglot clientele in the capital.

Cimatti caters for so many people who assume false identities to suit the atmosphere—such as the customer who describes himself as a lion tamer and piano tuner, working between Damascus and London—that he is inclined to disbelieve that Baron the photographer, Margot Fonteyn the ballerina and Faith Domergue the actress are the people they claim to be.

Alongside this stream of imaginative fancy in the new coffee houses goes the flood of financial speculation in them. The profits are dazzling, quick, and seem so sure. Speculators, almost completely ignorant though they may be of the catering trade, watch the successes of others with envy, and feel that they cannot fail

This was the view of one man with some funds to invest who, encouraged by the popularity of the Mocamba, decided to open a coffee house of his own. It did well. After three months, he sold it for twice his original investment. He bought a second place, and a third, selling each at a higher profit. He bought a fourth coffee house, and it failed. He had not realized that he was leaving his regular customers behind every time he moved. He lost everything.

THE END

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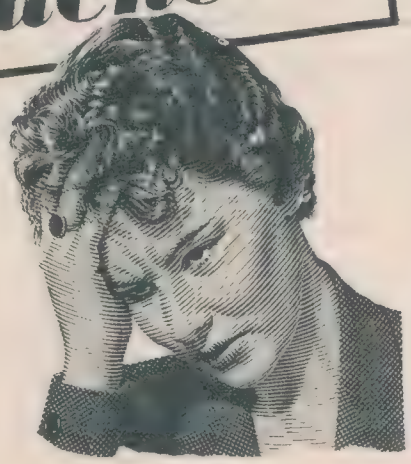

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CROSSROADS OF THE WORLD

Continued from page 27

he, too had returned to Mother Greece.

This latest wave of refugees is largely under the care of the United Nations, the Red Cross and the World Council of Churches. Official policy is emigration, if possible; integration, if not. But in the circumstances of Greece today—and everyone knew it—integration sounded like a very bad joke.

Out of a population of 7,900,000 something like a million are effectively unemployed. Some little time ago, the Ministry of Social Welfare estimated the number of indigent at 2,200,000. And all the time, the population is soaring, by natural increase, at the rate of not less than a million every ten years.

A situation, surely, of some desperation. But a situation with which the Greeks have lived for years.

And it may be that Greece, in the nineteen-fifties, has a better prospect of finding a way out than ever before. For although Greece suffered so heavily from the Cold War, indirectly, in another way, she has been perhaps its greatest beneficiary.

More Eskimo Pies

In 1947, the American mission started work. It moved into the enormous Tameion building which fills a whole block in the centre of Athens. Branches overflowed into the surrounding buildings. A vast and many-sided programme of development was worked out and set in motion. In eight years, Greece has been in many ways remade.

In an office in the Tameion building one morning I talked with Brice Mace, a former farmer from Tennessee, chief of the mission's Food and Agriculture Division. We were standing in front of a big map of Greece on the wall and Mace was stabbing at it with a broad farmer's finger as he talked, telling me something of the projects on which the Americans had been engaged.

A cement plant here, now exporting all over the Mediterranean basin; a dairy here—one of four planned—now sending its Eskimo pies (choc ices) up nearly as far as the Albanian border; a tree-planting programme on the slopes of Mount Olympus; new tanks for the big co-operative olive oil refinery at Eleusis—new equipment for the bauxite mines, there, too; an artificial insemination centre put in up here, near Salonika; an agricultural college just outside Athens. . . .

Later, in a long journey through Greece, which started in Athens and ended on the Turkish frontier in Thrace, I was able to see for myself something of what this massive many-sided effort has done for Greece.

Into The Mountains

I lost count, on that journey, of the number of times we ground up over rugged mountain ranges, peppered with stones, erupting in rocky outcrops and overgrown with scrub. We would wind down at last into the plain, and then, after a short time, we would go grinding up into the mountains again. Greece, I had been told, is four-fifths mountain. Now I began to understand just what that meant—and why, from ancient times, Greece has been struggling with this fundamental problem of too little soil and too many people.

But while in Athens the rival politicians sought each to put his own particular party complexion upon the week's momentous issue, American engineers boldly addressed themselves to the specific problem. If there was too little land, more must be made. The Americans decided to allocate half their agricultural funds to this end.

And thus, having come over the mountains the evening before, I stood one morning on the shore of one of the innumerable long inlets that fret the coast of Greece. To the north, the ruins of a Venetian castle crowned the hilltop above the provincial town of Lamia where we had stayed the night.

To the east, a cluster of houses shone white against the mountainside—Thermopylae, where Leonidas had held the pass. In between, the Sperchios river, snaking across the valley, made its way to the sea.

The Sperchios is an unruly river. For centuries this land, often under flood water, had been salt marsh, good only for sheep. But now dikes, canals, power-lines ran away towards the horizon. A group of engineers from the Anthili project office were standing at the water's edge at a point where the sea has broken through a dike, concerting measures to repel the invader. But their victory was secure. The juggernauts of the State Mechanical Cultivation Service had already carved out a great chequerboard of fields, more than five thousand acres, and the new farmers had taken over their five-acre holdings. There were no landless men in this district any more. Already there had been good crops of rice and wheat: when the salt was washed out of the soil, there would be cotton, too.

Anthili village itself was a place transformed. As we drove in, along the side of the canals, we passed a long train of mules, loaded with timber for building new houses. A red tractor roared over a field—there were forty-five of them in the village now, where before the war there were none. There was a new row of shops, including a chemist's, just off the square, a football pitch, and a new bus that had replaced a lorry, making the trip into Lamia seven times each day. Orange and lemon trees had been planted round the square itself, and in its centre stood a white marble bust on a pedestal. Approaching, I saw that the bust had a bow-tie. It was Walter Packard, the American reclamation engineer who had planned the Anthili project.

"If he put up for mayor," said a villager, "we'd elect him tomorrow."

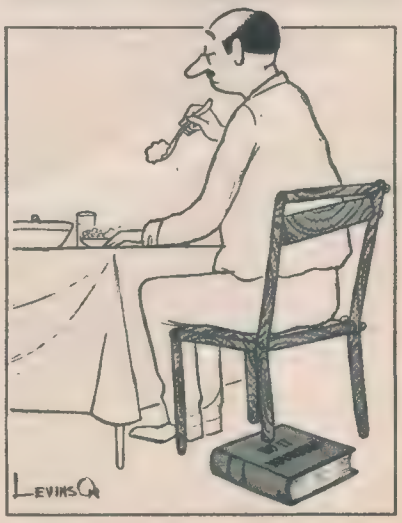
The Anthili project is no isolated show piece. The same sort of thing has been going on all over Greece. By such means it is estimated that 650,000 acres can be added to the eight million arable acres of Greece.

Preach To Farmers

Where more land cannot be made, the existing land must be made to yield more. Here is the second half of the Americans' agricultural programme. Their principal instrument is their farm extension agents—a corps of agricultural missionaries dedicated to spreading the latest knowledge and techniques throughout the countryside.

In this process a vital part is being played by the village youth clubs. The day I arrived in Koufalia, the girls' section of the local club was holding one of its twice-weekly meetings. In a room off the main street a young home economics lecturer was showing a rapt audience of girls, aged four to sixteen, how to preserve lemon juice for the winter months. Also on the agenda was the bottling of pork meat and the making of soap from pork fat, which farmers normally throw away.

The demonstrator's name was Vera Zahou. Each week she did the rounds of her villages, staying where she was for the night. She was a graduate of the two-year home economics course in the agricultural faculty of Salonika



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University—a farmer's daughter from Xanthi, up in the tobacco country of the north-east.

Vera was an enthusiast. When we left Koufalia in the evening we gave her a lift on towards her next village. After we had been driving for some minutes through the night, there was an outburst of animated Greek conversation in the back of the car. The interpreter turned to me and said:

"The home economics worker would like to show you her rural sanitation programme."

"Show me?" I said. "Surely you mean tell me?"

"No, she wishes to show you," insisted the interpreter.

So at the next village we stopped, turning off the road for some yards, between the houses. Consultations took place. Storm lanterns were brought. We were led forward, a small procession, down the village's earthen streets, and finally into the garden of one of the cottages. Vera led us over to a corner where four low walls of brick were rising. In the middle of the walls was a hole in the ground, surrounded by a sloping metal plate.

It was the new model latrine—a sensational novelty indeed in many a Greek village.

"This," said Vera, "is a very good man. You see he is building proper brick walls."

Doctors Prefer City

For Greece, this dedication to the rudimentary needs of the countryside is something very new. In the past, Athens has been the be-all-and-end-all of Greek life. Ministers and senior civil servants would never have dreamed of touring the villages. There are eight thousand doctors in Greece—and, still, six thousand of those are in Athens and the few other big cities. In Athens, life is a whirl; the countryside was abandoned to the stagnation the Turks had left it in.

In this great task of breathing new life into the derelict countryside, the extension agents and home economics girls are now receiving powerful, if impersonal, reinforcement. All over Greece the new pylons stride over the mountains and across the plain, knitting together an electric grid, fed by power stations which will harness the rivers and utilize the country's deposits of lignite (brown coal).

At Aliveri, on the western shore of the long and beautiful island of Euboea—tenuously linked to the mainland by a swinging bridge—the tall stacks of a big new power station which will serve a large part of southern Greece rise beside the seashore. As the breaking waves chalked their long lines of foam along the shore and the wagons of lignite rolled down the line from the mine a few miles back, I talked to an American in a check shirt and Texan hat, the chief engineer. He told me how nearly all his Greek foremen were ex-marine and naval engineers—about the only men he could find who understood turbines and power plants.

Hole In The Earth

At the lignite mine, the consulting engineer was a quiet-voiced Swedish Canadian named Gustaffson who had been in lignite mining in Saskatchewan. As we stood on the rim of the great black hole in the earth and watched the mining machines roaring below, he told me how the mine's output had been stepped up from three thousand tons a week to three thousand tons a day.

Some people, I said, were already expressing doubts whether Greece would ever be able to make economic use of all this new power.

At that, Karadjis, the Greek mine manager, vigorously joined in. "On the contrary," he said, "I am convinced that when the grid has been completed we shall never be able to catch up with the demand. Electricity will make possible the decentralization we need. All sorts of regional industries will spring up."

The point is a vital one. For though the agricultural experts can feed the population, they cannot, they admit, hope to employ it. The pressure on the soil must be relieved by industry. But large industrial concerns often employ surprisingly few people. The great hope lies in an outbreak of small-scale private enterprise such as universal electricity might stimulate. Most Greek villages are still without plumbers, electricians, mechanics.

And, given the new approach, the ways in which the economy can be strengthened and diversified are many. As we crossed the bridge on to the island of Euboea at Khalkis I noticed a fine new hotel at the edge of the water. It was, I discovered, one of a number of new tourist hotels being built with the aid of American dollars. For with its sparkling air, its mountains, its innumerable idyllic islands, its very low cost of living, Greece certainly has most of the essential elements of a tourist paradise.

Soft Pillows Needed

The government places great hopes in an expansion of its tourist trade. But first its hotel and restaurant owners will have to get in a few softer pillows and chairs and cleaner tablecloths. They will have to learn that Balkan standards of comfort will not satisfy Americans and West Europeans. Better Greek food is to be had in London than in most parts of Greece.

Again, if Greece is short of land it certainly has no lack of very accessible sea. At six-thirty one morning I stood on the quayside at Volos on the east coast, watching the fishing boats landing catches which were at once loaded into the new refrigerator trucks that would speed them to Athens. With American loans and persuasion, larger boats are now being used. They are fishing the excellent grounds off Benghazi and have even gone as far as the West African coast.

All this immensely varied and carefully directed effort has not, of course, been without result. In the eight years since 1947 Greece has undoubtedly made more progress than at any other period in her history. The wreckage of war has been restored. The country has been opened up from end to end as never before. Greece, obliged before the war to import four-fifths of her wheat and all her rice, now exports both commodities. The profitable cotton crop has been doubled. With the powerful aid of the usual remittances from Greeks overseas, the nation's trade accounts have been brought into balance.

Strange Interlude

When the Americans moved in they at first had a very high degree of control. For a long time now they have been moving back into the rôle of advisers. American aid is being tapered off; Americans are going home. A great impetus has been given. The question is: Will it prove to have been great enough?

By general consent, the progress of the last few years has owed a great deal to a strange interlude of political calm. Marshal Papagos's government has now managed to stay in office longer than any Greek government since the Metaxas dictatorship. But its future looks doubtful. Its term runs out next year and the Marshal is an old man, no longer in good health. His Rally, which from the start had somewhat less than half the electorate's votes, has been weakened by the defection of its most dynamic leader, Spyros Markezinis, who occupied the key position of Minister of Co-ordination.

And, unfortunately, as far as most of the people who put him in are concerned, the Marshal has failed to deliver the goods as billed. For progress, visible in tables of statistics, often does not show through in the lives of ordinary people—and particularly the people of the towns.

Few of the capital cities of Europe labour under so overwhelming a burden of poverty as Athens. Real wages are abysmally low. The national minimum—for many, in effect, the maximum—is thirty-seven drachmas a day or about one thousand (£12) a month (from which high deductions for medical and sickness insurance must be made). Yet a single room in an outlying

"Yes, he's asleep"

district of Athens costs three hundred drachmas a month, a suit costs one thousand drachmas, a pair of shoes three hundred.

Many men do two jobs in order to live. Bank messengers by day become waiters by night. Bitterest of all is the struggle of the white-collar classes. When I was in Athens the professors of the Middle Schools came out on strike. Their pay was between £5 and £6 a week—for graduates with years of experience.

Devaluation in 1953 may have helped to stabilize the drachma—but it scarcely gave the ordinary Greek confidence in the future when he woke up one morning and found that his savings had lost just half their value in terms of the pound and the dollar. Adjustments have been slow and painful, especially for wage earners. Naturally, after such experiences, a Greek does not trust his money to the banks. He goes out to one of the little offices around the Bourse and buys gold sovereigns. Rents and all long-term deals are still quoted in gold sovereigns.

The consequent extreme scarcity of credit is an all but fatal obstruction to enterprise. Yet a stranger taking a stroll around central Athens in the evening might be excused for getting the idea that at least in the capital the population was rolling in prosperity.

He would note the blocks of luxury flats going up; all the chromium-plated, neon-bathed cinemas, going full blast; the sleek cars parked solid at the kerbs for whole blocks at a time. In Flocas, on Venizelou Street, he would see that every table was occupied by people sipping drinks or biting into pastries. He would sniff appreciatively the meat sizzling and turning on the spits at the doors of a thousand humbler but no less busy establishments around Omonias Square, while at the tables within the clientele makes and breaks governments over bottles of *ouzo* and resin-flavoured *retsina*.

It is what the English, in the post-war years, would have called a spiv prosperity—except that in Athens the condition seems, at times, permanent. Athens, after the war, became a lively centre of "arbitrage." The wildly fluctuating currencies which reduced the masses to penury made the fortunes of the few. The Greek genius for commerce is well known. Its value to the Greek nation is more dubious since most of the fortunes thus made are salted away abroad in London and Switzerland and New York. As individuals, Greeks own the third biggest merchant marine in the world; but of its 9.3 million tons, eight million tons fly the flags—and benefit the economies—of Panama, Liberia and a few other states whose regulations are kind to shipowners. Lately the Greek Government has liberalized its own regulations in an effort to win back these patriot sons.

One may thus see in Athens today, as in no other European capital, the classic conditions for revolution. A proletariat, often rootless and jobless, always poised on the poverty line. A desperate middle class. An embittered intelligentsia. An irresponsible wealthy minority, flaunting its riches.

In last winter's municipal elections, the E.D.A.—the "United Democratic Left" ("... all the way from Bevan to the *Daily Worker*")—gained control of the councils in Athens, the Piraeus, Salonika, Volos, Larisa, Kavalla and a number of other towns. The E.D.A. denies that it is Communist, although it is generally regarded as such, and generally follows the Moscow line. Official Communist organizations are still outlawed in Greece. If a Communist is elected to office in a trade union he is promptly picked up by the police and taken before a system of secret tribunals—which may make for security, but hardly promotes the growth of the healthy labour movement which Greece badly needs.

Need For A Leader

It is probably true that Communism is unlikely to get a firm hold on a people so incorrigibly individualistic and indeed anarchistic as the Greeks. In fact, the Far Left has never polled more than ten per cent in the national elections.

But a greater danger than Communism is Chaos, a return to that political St. Vitus's dance which is the normal condition of Greece. I recall a conversation I had with two veterans of the American Mission. One claimed a score of twenty-seven cabinets since his arrival. The other had dealt with seventeen ministers in one particularly vital department. "And," he said, clinching it, "no repeaters."

Greece's greatest need today is for an outstanding political leader, a man of the stature of Venizelos, strong enough to pull the innumerable factions together, dynamic enough to capture the imagination of the people, big enough to put the needs of the nation above those of party.

Two conflicting spirits are at work in the country: the young and eager spirit of the home economics worker, out in the villages, pushing her rural sanitation programme; and the old and perhaps hardly less eager spirit of the professional politicians, sitting around their coffee-house tables in Athens, sending out for the latest editions of the newspapers to see how each clique is faring in its current intrigue.

A strong leader might resolve that

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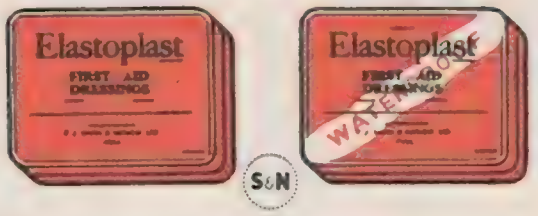

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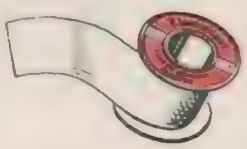

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conflict. It might indeed, in the end, resolve itself. For one must not be too impatient. One must remember, for instance, the disproportionate and, indeed, fantastic burden of Greece's contribution to Nato. Her army takes about half her budget expenditure. No country would gain more from an easing of international tension.

One must remember, too, the tremendous leeway the country has to make up. Some Greeks recognize that birth control will be an obvious necessity if the population growth is not to eat up the gains as fast as they are made. The Americans, indeed, have calculated that, because of this population factor, after ten years, with all their plans, the nation will be just about where it was when they started. But every Greek who knows the villages will insist that the peasantry is still on too primitive a level to make the idea of conscious family planning possible. A West European is apt to forget just how much this country was cut off, before the war, from the general march of the world.

The point was rather forcibly brought home to me on my last day in Greece. I had planned to travel overland to Istambul, boarding the train at Xanthi, a hundred-odd miles from the border. From Salonika onwards inquiries were made. Research was prolonged—and always the answer finally produced was different from the one before. The train went right through; no, it didn't, it stopped an hour on the border; no, not an hour, six hours. . . .

Train For Turkey

Finally, at Xanthi itself, a telephone call was made down the line. A definitive answer was produced. The train would stop at the frontier; but, no matter, one would merely have to walk across to another train, which would depart, after a few minutes, to the other side.

The train arrived at Xanthi. I boarded it. Ticket collectors came and went and each had a different story about communications with the outside world. In the meantime I encountered a bewildered American couple in the corridor. They had been working on the problem as hard as I, with results as confusing.

At last, as the train neared the tiny border station of Pythion, a fully briefed collector came aboard and the truth was revealed. The train would arrive about midnight. Not only would it stop at the frontier, but the other train to Istambul would not depart till noon next day.

When we seemed a little upset by this news and expostulated mildly on the theme of the unreliability of information about links between Greece and the outside world, the ticket collector shrugged his shoulders philosophically.

"This, messieurs," he said, "this is the Balkans."

After a night in the two-room tourist hotel on the single platform we did indeed cross the frontier next day. The frontier here is a wide bridge across the River Maritsa. There was a tower at one end with a blue-and-white flag and an armed Greek sentry, and there was a tower at the other end with a red star-and-crescent flag and an armed Turkish sentry. And between, along the oft-flooded river valley below, work, I happened to know, was about to begin on a vast reclamation project, concerted between Greece, Turkey and the American mission, by which these two old enemies, working together, would each add many thousands of fertile acres to their countries.

That, too, was the Balkans.

NEXT WEEK: Harry Hopkins crosses Turkey to Russia's back door

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL

THIS cast iron object is about two feet long, with a flat diamond-shaped end nearly an inch thick. Is it . . .

(a) A peat-lifting spade?
(b) A salamander?
(c) A turncock's key?
(d) A baker's oven shovel?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 45

CANON IN THE BULL RING

Continued from page 17

wanted to hear what he had to tell them.

In the war he turned the unused crypt into a canteen and club for Service men and drove through blitzed streets helping where he could. One night an incendiary bomb hit the church. Green and the organist climbed the tower and put out the fire in the roof while firemen flooded the church with what Green considered an unnecessary amount of water. Green's language to the hose-happy firemen was so strong that he was heard wondering afterwards whether he ought to have Holy Trinity reconsecrated.

Though his evangelistic triumphs invite comparison with Billy Graham, Green is no fundamentalist. "I had always believed that to listen to an evangelist you have to leave your mind behind," says George Potts. "But Bryan Green presents the Gospel against a background of modern thought. One of the reasons for his success in American schools and universities is that he makes thinking people realize that to be a Christian you need not give up your intellect. I have never known him emotional. His publicity stunts are all for evangelism, not for himself."

Potts was a chaplain with the Second Army, in Belgium in 1954, when he first met Green. Green was visiting the troops, and Potts, overworked and resentful of having the care of civilian parsons added to his duties, took Green to a military prison and set him the task of talking religion to some of the army's worst criminals.

Green staggered Potts by talking to the restive prisoners on the power of prayer. Then he invited questions. A notoriously recalcitrant tough lumbered from his chair, and asked, "Can you tell me a prayer that will get me out of this bloody place?"

Green replied, "Not only can I tell you a prayer that will get you out of this bloody place. I can tell you one that will keep you out of it in future." Presumably he did so, for Potts has since said, "The man's whole way of thinking was altered."

Critic Was Worried

The serious purpose of sharing his faith with others lies behind all Green's activity. He has no time for those who believe the activity should be dull. A greybeard at an American mission once asked the Reverend Harold Frankham, who assists Green in America, "Can't you get Canon Green to be more serious?" Frankham replied, "If I did nobody would come."

The critic was worried by Green's love of witty answers. At each mission he invites questions from people under thirty-five, setting this age-limit on the ground that "those over thirty-five know it all already."

That evening a young American truth-seeker had asked "Why did God make the Universe?"

"God only knows," replied Bryan Green.

THE END

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- AND LAST LONGER TOO!

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'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

THE CHESS MASTER

Continued from page 29

and force. But unlike a deadly live wire, Valdoni was not dangerous. He was as gentle-hearted and as good a man as I'd ever met, and I found out that he was so devoted to chess that materialism had no influence upon him at all. He was poor, astonishingly poor. He was quite amused when he saw the expression on my face as he described the days when he went hungry while struggling to save enough to get to tournaments in Europe.

"My dear fellow," he said. "Chess is not football. There are no large, paying audiences, and the prizes at the tournaments do not, at the very most, do more than meet hotel expenses."

"Then why . . ?" I started to say. But the look of pity on Valdoni's face stopped me.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "chess is my life. There is nothing on earth to compare with it. There is no use trying to explain. It is the complexity."

He shrugged. I didn't answer for a moment. I had heard of chess fanatics, even among amateurs. Wanting to show him that I had a sense of spiritual values myself, I said hastily, "That was an incredible display of skill, that exhibition. Ten games at once, and blindfolded, too."

Valdoni said gently: "It was nothing. I have played forty games at once, and other chess masters have, too."

"Lord!" I said, respect in my voice. "It must be quite an event when two of you chess masters play each other."

Valdoni's face shone. He said, with an utter contentment: "Yes. It is something to live for, that."

"It's a terribly complex game, isn't it?" I asked.

"Only as complex as the mind that plays it," he said in a soothing, anxious tone. "Does one have to be a champion to enjoy a game of tennis?" Then he looked ahead at the long concrete ribbon of road unrolling under the car. We were doing sixty. I thought he had a strange look on his face about the speed we were travelling. Then he said quietly: "But yes, it is complex. God gave us the game to keep us humble."

I drove him to his destination in Paris, and we shook hands and parted.

A MONTH later I'd forgotten about Valdoni. I was back in London busily at work when the doorbell rang. It was a parcel, a heavy one.

I opened it and found a collection of books on elementary and advanced chess. Inside was a note from Valdoni, written in a script that was so beautifully precise it looked like one of those elaborate engravings.

> My dear friend,
>
> You have been half alive long enough. You cannot enjoy the full pleasures of the mind unless you know and love chess. It is the ultimate in pure, abstract beauty.
>
> Truly, Valdoni

There was a bookshop along the street. I took the chess books down and asked the proprietor what they were worth. He pursed his lips and examined them. The total came to about £5.

Then, as I stood there in distress, thinking of Valdoni's struggle with the unspiritual nature of the pound and how many essentials in terms of meat, bread, milk and clothing he could have obtained with that money, the proprietor of the bookshop opened one of the books and exclaimed, "Valdoni!"

He looked at me with sharp excitement as I saw that each book had an inscription in it to me duplicating his letter.

"Of course, that increases the value of the books considerably," said the bookshop owner eagerly. "I'm a chess player myself. Would you care to sell. . . ?"

"No," I said.

"I thought not," he said sadly. "How did you come to meet him?"

"Oh, while knocking around, looking for a subject for a biography," I

said. "I'm a writer. I wonder if a biography on Valdoni is needed. I might——"

"Why, there already is one," said the bookshop owner in surprise. He hurried into the stockroom and came out dusting off a thin, new book. I stared at the jacket on it. Valdoni's photograph was on the cover. I hardly recognized him. He had all his hair and he was about twenty years younger.

"How much is this?" I asked.

"Eight and sixpence."

I bought it and went back to my flat.

The book was quite interesting. From a childhood of extreme poverty Valdoni had risen, in intellectual status, as a child prodigy in chess. He turned down a chance to ease his difficult lot by spurning a girl from an aristocratic Italian family, and soon after married a girl who was described by the writer as "plump and amiable."

FOR a chess master the only way to get along at that time was to find a wealthy patron. Valdoni was fortunate in this respect. He found, in Austria, a tradesman who was newly rich, who had burning social ambitions, and who thought, quite correctly, that a small foothold towards recognition could be obtained with the prestige of supporting a chess master like Valdoni.

Chess was all the rage then, and the Valdonis were eating very well indeed until the inevitable took place. Valdoni was ordered by his patron to lose a game deliberately so that his opponent, with whom the patron wished to curry favour, could boast of beating Valdoni.

So the wanderings of the Valdonis continued.

In a bitter winter in France his wife died of pneumonia. Valdoni moved on, grief in his heart, to a job as a tutor to a monster of a child who made his life a misery. Then came a position as translator of import-export documents for a wine merchant, who, unfortunately, was enraged when Valdoni insisted on time off to attend a chess tournament, and dismissed him.

After that Valdoni turned solely to chess to find something worth living for. It was an opiate against lowly emotions, an activity that gave soaring freedom to his fine mind high above the common anguishes below. He accepted the price of poverty in return for the richness of living as a master of chess.

And he beat them all, all over the world. They called him, affectionately, Papa Valdoni. . . .

And in the back of the book I found a printed slip of paper inserted by the publishers, an apology by the author and publishers for the writing error that described Valdoni's dead, beloved wife as "plump and amiable." She was not plump, said the slip.

It explained, I thought, Valdoni's suspicions of writers and reporters. I was lucky that he didn't feel that way about me.

I looked at the chess books he had sent me from his meagre funds. Of course a gesture of appreciation was now in order, so I got into my coat again and went out to hunt for a suitable gift.

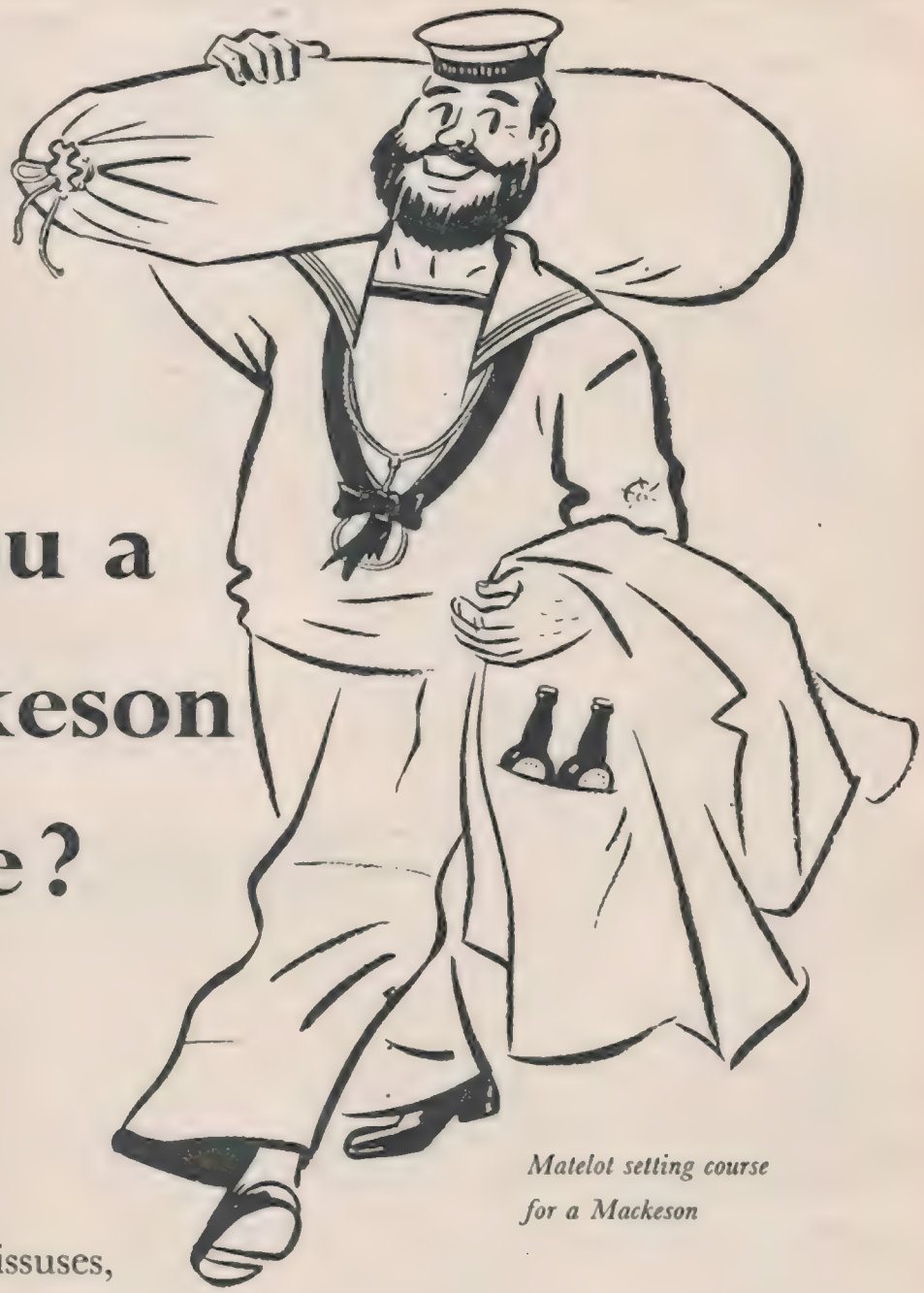
Finally I found a chess set carved of bone, the design of the pieces seemingly carved by a craftsman right out of the middle ages. The white pieces had a yellowed, ancient tint as if the set were quite old. . . .

And now, here was a machine that

Guess What?

THE object on page 42 is known as a salamander—a name given to many objects used in the fire. The flat end was thrust into the fire until red hot, and then held over dishes such as puddings to brown or glaze the top.

Are you a Mackeson type?



Matelot setting course for a Mackeson

"Mermaids and missuses, masters and mariners, men and their mothers-in-law, messmates and ME—we're all Mackeson types. It comes of having tried Mackeson, and *tasting the difference*. As hard to put into words as the difference between "starboard" and "larboard." Sort of slight, but very real. Have one now. It'll keep you on an even keel."

Mackeson is a stout with a unique smoothness (and it is a strong stout). All who try Mackeson know this—and feel all the better for it. And every bottle of Mackeson has been brewed to ensure that this wonderful quality comes to your palate in perfect condition, wherever, whenever you drink it.

TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

Harvest Home Supper

With autumn winds to whip up their appetites, your family will welcome these delicious meat-and-vegetable Stork puddings. They're a warm and filling delight. Try them today!

Puddings

½ lb. self-raising flour; 2 heaped teaspoons baking powder; pinch of salt; 4 oz. Stork Margarine; 4 tablespoons water.

Fillings

A. Chopped raw meat, thick brown gravy or tomato sauce, seasoning and vegetables.
or B. Partly cooked sausages sliced, chopped bacon, cubed potatoes, chopped parsley, seasoning and brown gravy.
or C. Layers of chopped ham, sliced tomatoes, chopped onions, sliced hard-boiled eggs, seasoning and thin gravy.

Sieve flour, baking powder and salt together. Rub in Stork. Mix to dough with water. Roll out two-thirds of dough and line 4 or 5 small greased pudding basins containing rounds of greaseproof paper at the bottom. Add filling. Roll out remaining pastry to cover. Seal edges, cover each pudding with greaseproof paper. Cooked meat: steam for 35 - 45 mins. Uncooked meat: steam for 1 - 1½ hrs. For one large pudding: with cooked meat, steam for 1½ - 2 hrs: with uncooked meat, steam for 2-2½ hrs. Serve with brown gravy or hot tomato sauce, or sieved vegetable purée and mixed vegetables.

—Made with creamy-golden Stork Margarine!

CUT OUT AND KEEP
THESE AUTUMN RECIPES
THEY'LL BE
A DELICIOUS STANDBY
ALL THROUGH
THE WINTER MONTHS

Sweet Sauce Medley

Something to sing about! A medley of hot, rich sauces combine with these individual Stork sponges to make a delicious treat on chilly days. Try your favourite medley today!

Sponges

4 oz. self-raising flour; 1 rounded teaspoon ground ginger (or grated nutmeg or mixed spice); 3 oz. Stork Margarine; 3 oz. castor sugar; 2 eggs; grated orange or lemon rind (or 2 oz. melted chocolate or 1 heaped dessertspoonful blended cocoa); colouring (optional).

Sauces

Serve with hot jam, varying the colour for each pudding: raspberry, strawberry, apricot or greengage, or hot lemon or orange curd, or syrup or chocolate sauce.

Sieve flour and ginger (or alternative). Cream Stork and sugar. Beat in grated lemon rind (or alternative, or colouring if used). Beat in eggs, one at a time, adding a little flour with the second. Fold in remaining flour. Put into 4 or 5 small greased pudding basins lined with greaseproof paper. Steam for 30 - 40 mins. Note: if one large sponge is made, steam for 1½ hrs. Serve with hot sauce. N.B. Infinite variety can be achieved by combining different flavours, colours and sauces, see illustration for some interesting colour combinations.

Stork Margarine Cookery Service

9 GREAT SUFFOLK STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

VAN DEN BERGHS & JURGENS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4.

JSC 425-1345

could direct those chessmen with unbeatable skill, a machine that could not be defeated by Valdoni.

It was a sickening thought.

After a moment longer of bleakly staring from the window at the shadowing day, I put down the paper and hunted down Valdoni's address. I had seen him a number of times since the incident of the books and return gift, but only at local chess tournaments.

Now I drove out to where he lived in a rundown area of tenements and littered streets. I parked the car and hesitated for a moment. Should I do this? Was it wise?

I couldn't think it out somehow. I just had to know the outcome. I climbed up two flights of creaking stairs and knocked on a door whose paint was peeling.

"Come in!" called a muffled voice.

Valdoni smiled at me from a battered kitchen table and sprang lightly to his feet, coming forward beaming with his pleasure in seeing me. His eyes twinkled. "Ah, it is you. How kind of you to come, my friend. Will you join me in a cup of coffee?" He laughed as he wrung my hand. "It is, I must warn you, Italian coffee. *Very* black, with a twist of lemon, and good, good."

"Thank you," I said, sitting down at the table. I saw that it was piled with a scatter of sheets with chess games marked on them. "I hope I'm not interrupting you. . . ."

"No, no. It is just the column I do on chess problems for the newspaper." He shrugged deprecatingly. "It pays only a few pounds, but," his eyes glowed, "sometimes I get some wonderful problems from the amateurs who read it. Oh, wonderful! There is one player in the area, a mere boy of twelve, who shows superb promise Some day he will be a chess master. I——"

"There's something else I'd like to talk to you about, Mr. Valdoni," I said.

He cocked his head at an angle and looked at me curiously. "Yes, my friend?"

"There has been an invention. And your opinion would be most interesting. . . ."

He lifted his hand, amused. "Ah, no," he said. "I know nothing but chess. In politics I am a child, a baby. For making money I do not care. Of inventions I am ignorant." Valdoni shook his head, chuckling. "No. My mistress chess is jealous. She wishes every moment all my attention. And I am willing. For if I turn away for a second to other things I might miss a moment of her precious beauty, and she might have on her face, for that second, a new and fleeting expression that never would repeat itself. So, my friend, do not ask for my opinion on anything else."

"This is about chess," I said abruptly. "A machine has been invented that plays chess. It plays the most perfect possible game. It cannot be beaten."

There was a moment of silence. It stretched and then it stretched farther. Valdoni stared at me, smiling broadly at first. Then he saw I was serious, upset in fact, and his smile died. He stared at me.

He said softly: "My friend, that is impossible. It cannot be. A machine cannot play chess."

He uttered a sudden, sharp laugh that had anger in it, as if I had made a joke that was in bad taste.

"Mr. Valdoni," I said earnestly, "they *have* invented just such a machine. They have been building incredible machines for some time now. Machines that can do in one moment what it takes a dozen mathematicians a month to do. They call them electronic 'brains.'" I leaned closer to him, almost angrily. "And they have built a machine that plays chess better than any human being."

Valdoni's brown eyes searched mine, incredulously. His face tightened. "A machine?" he said faintly. "Playing chess better than a man?"

Valdoni stopped and stiffened in firm pride. "Well, perhaps," he said sharply, "some rudimentary machine *has* been constructed. But how can it compare with the human brain? No, it——"

"You don't understand," I said loudly. "As far as *chess* is concerned it is better than the human brain. It works automatically and by mathematical formulae. It solves a chess problem instantaneously, through electronic circuits."

"You cannot reduce chess to simple formulae," said Valdoni, his voice angry. I saw his fists clenched. He looked bewildered as if he suddenly found himself in an alien world. "Chess has an infinite number of combinations. Why, just to express the possible combinations of chess moves would take——"

"Yes," I interrupted miserably. "That is true. But this machine can figure farther ahead, can handle probable defects of chess attacks, and will positively defeat any human player.—You see. . . ."

I stopped because Valdoni was on his feet, his eyes glaring at me. I recoiled. I'd never seen him other than gentle and smiling before.

"Very well, I will play against that machine," said Valdoni, his voice shaking with rage. "I challenge it to a game. Take me to it, and we will see who is better."

Panic filled me. There was no doubt that Valdoni would be beaten by the machine. It was a mathematical certainty. I should never have come. It might have been months before Valdoni heard of the electronic brain that played chess. Certainly I didn't want his heart broken.

As I stared at him I wondered why, exactly, had I come. Why? Then I knew. I wanted to be reassured. The machines, this one particularly, frightened me. It took away my special quality as a thinking, unique being. And I didn't want to be alone in my protest.

But it was foolish, foolish. Like a child wailing as his playground is dug up by the vast digging machines so that a block of flats can be built.

We drove down to the cybernetics laboratory, after I made a call to a newspaper friend who happily said that I was to leave everything to him. On the way down, Valdoni stared grimly ahead, never saying a word, his face rock hard.

The laboratory was on the outskirts of the city, a modern, light, one-storey building. When we arrived we found that even the guard knew all about the contest, and as I drove through the opened steel gates I saw men carrying cine-cameras from newsreel trucks into the building.

That's when I remembered suddenly that Valdoni hated to play before reporters. I turned to him in dismay as he got out of the car.

"Mr. Valdoni, I'm sorry about . . . I mean, it was the only way to arrange the game. . . ."

"It doesn't matter," said Valdoni, coldly.

I don't think his eyes were seeing me.

When we went inside we were greeted with tremendous interest by the technicians in charge of the machine. They were fascinated, and secretly amused, as Valdoni was led into the air-conditioned room where the vast machine was. Valdoni stared at it, incredulity in his face.

The chess machine was a vast wall of dials and meters and many small signal lights which flashed on and off inexplicably. A man with a white smock stood near it, waiting, like a nurse in attendance.

"That is my opponent?" said Valdoni in a whisper.

I saw fear in his eyes as he stared at the impersonal, strangely monstrous wall of machinery.

The man in the white coat nodded and put his hand caressingly on the cold metal of the wall. "That's it," he said with affection in his voice, almost crooning. "That's our baby."

Valdoni stared at him. He shook himself, as if snapping himself out of a nightmare. He smiled at the observers and reporters.

"Shall we get started, gentlemen?" he said courteously.

Briskly he seated himself before the small table that had been carried in by a workman. The chess pieces had been set up on the board. The game began.

I will never forget it.

Valdoni would make a move. His move would be punched on to a paper tape in the form of holes in a coded pattern. The man in the white smock would feed the tape into a portion of the machine on a sort of wheel. The machine would spring malevolently to activity with a whir-r-r that was almost soundless, and a click, click! Lights would flicker on and off. A dial would swing and other things. I couldn't even understand took place. And the intent technicians serving the machine would somehow read the dials and turn to the chessboard and make a move.

We were there, watching, for sixteen hours.

Valdoni was grey-faced with exhaustion, bending over the chessboard, battling the whirring, clicking machine.

The reporters set up a broadcasting unit for radio just outside the playing room. I was about to go outside to ask them, please, not to try to interview Valdoni when he finally lost the game, when Valdoni leaned back and said, a faint smile on his tired face, "Checkmate." He moved his queen swiftly. "I win."

He got up and sighed as the utter silence of the watchers engulfed us all, and the technician in the white smock stared unbelievingly at the chessboard, carefully checking the position of the pieces.

"B-but . . . but it can't *be*!" he wailed, turning and holding his hands out to the machine in supplication. "Just a minute, everybody, please!"

The technicians swarmed over the dials and some of them went into a narrow door that led behind the wall to the innards of the complex wiring, and their faces were intent and anxious as Valdoni stood dignified and proud amid the shouting reporters.

Then one of the technicians, his face angry, came rushing out. "Hey there," he yelled. "We've found out why Valdoni won. A valve failed. It blew out. It affected a circuit. If the valve hadn't failed . . ."

Valdoni said, as he turned smilingly and pointed towards his opponent, the vast wall of machine with its cold dials: "Yes, that is correct. I won because *he* got fatigued first. It affected his game as fatigue often affects the game of human champions. Too bad."

And Valdoni the chess master walked out triumphantly. THE END

It's The Custom . . . in PAINSWICK

Clipping the Church. The custom may have begun as a pagan rite

Puppy-dog pie for a Roman holiday

JENNIFER HOBBS was twelve years old when she took part in Clipping the Church at Painswick, Gloucestershire, for the last time. "That was in 1953; she first took part when she was three," says Jennifer's mother, Gladys Hobbs, who as a child herself helped to clip the church, as did her own mother, Lucy Hobbs, before her.

Next Sunday the children of Painswick and the surrounding villages will gather in the churchyard for this year's ceremony. Linked hand in hand in a great ring round the church, they will sing the traditional Clipping hymn. At each chorus they will take three steps forwards, at the same time swinging their arms three times. The swinging is said to represent the beating of angels' wings.

The girls wear bright flower-garlands in their hair, and the boys button-holes. After the ceremony each of them is given a bun.

The village of Painswick is said to occupy the site of a Roman settlement. The Clipping, it is claimed, began as the celebration of the Roman Lupercalia.

This was the festival of the Wolf god who kept wolves away from the flocks. Young dogs and goats were sacrificed, and there was a sacred dance around the altar. The youths who performed the sacrifices afterwards dressed up in the skins of the dead goats and rushed through the streets.

The altar dance, it is said, became the Clipping ceremony. The wild chase survived till the nineteenth century, when the children used to rush through the streets after the service, making a great noise. And the sacrifices are recalled by puppy-dog pie.

"When I was a girl," says Lucy Hobbs, "every family in Painswick made a puppy-dog pie for the Clipping." Small china dogs were baked in meat and apple pies. The practice died out a few years ago, but Lucy Hobbs hopes to see it revived this year.

Here's this year's look- the country-fresh look

The lovely faces in the news have changed. Have you noticed?
Gone are the days of heavy make-up, of artificial beauty. The radiance of these complexions is truly their own, and asks for no disguise. They possess something, these lovely women, that people are calling the *country-fresh look*. Is this country-fresh look a dream, achieved only by a few? Of course not. It belongs by right to you. Millions of women in this country have already proved this to themselves by a devoted daily use of Breeze, gentlest of soaps—and now with a new and longer-lasting perfume. For Breeze brings to your complexion the beauty nature meant you to have. Put yourself in the forefront of today's lovely fashion. Cherish your skin with Breeze and discover your *own* country-fresh beauty.

Up to £1,050
in cash prizes every month!

Study the picture of the Breeze girl. See how her striking pose illustrates the advertisement.
Now pose for *your* photograph — it need only be a snap, so that you too produce a compelling illustration for the Breeze advertisement.
We are offering big cash prizes *every month* from August to October. *Your* photograph may win £500! And an exciting extra—each 1st prize winner will be photographed by Baron, the famous photographer. Enter now — get a copy of the rules and an entry form from your local shop.

Breeze
gives you the country-fresh look

CROSFIELDS (CWG) LTD. BZ 30-454A

ROSE OF SHARON

Continued from page 11

to talk, the gangsters'd cut your throat."

"Right. Come on."

The children crawled back through the hole in the wire and made their way to a less disturbed section of the canal. . . .

Outside the ancient grey church at Cloverbourne, two lines of excited nurses from the hospital waited with their hands full of confetti. The sun shone brilliantly, and the rooks were caw-cawing in the elms.

The sound of the organ pealed in the rafters, the church bells swung and rung. Forward crowded the nurses. The church doors were flung open by the smiling verger and Barry and Cathleen stepped into the sunshine. Her arm was in the crook of his arm and their fingers were woven tightly.

Bim-bam-bom, bim-bam-bom went the bells and the confetti showered on them like blossoms in an April wind, while the village photographer hopped in and out and about the old tombstones and exclaimed despairingly: "Ladies and gentlemen, make way, if you please. Just one moment, sir. Hold it. Thank you, sir. And now just one more. Now, sir, if you and your good lady can manage a little smile. . . ."

You and your good lady. Barry looked at Cathleen, a radiant, laughing Cathleen, and his heart missed a beat. She was his good lady, now and forever. No longer was she Cathleen Conroy, but Mrs. Barry Perkins; his good lady.

So buoyant was his step and so light his heart that the limp was banished from his wounded limb and he walked like an athlete, smiling at the nurses, brushing the confetti out of his hair, as happy as a king.

"PRAY silence for the father of the groom. . . ." Ted Perkins put down his pint of old and mild and wiped his mouth. He had changed into his brand-new suit of blue serge, with a very tall stiff collar from which the knot of his tie had wandered. In his button-hole, in a little metal holder, was his white carnation and asparagus fern.

He cleared his throat.

"My friends," he said. "This has been a queer sort of day for Mabel and me—for the missus and me. We lost a mare an' we gained a filly. We lost Rosie an' we gained Cathleen here."

There was a roar of laughter. Ted brushed his hand over his eyes. "Said that way, I suppose it's funny-like," he went on. "I'd laugh meself if it wasn't me as was saying it. But me and Mabel was proper sorry to part with Rosie and if there's one thing that's going to make this day right, it's knowing that Cathleen here's going to be with us from now on. I thank you, one and all."

Somebody was deputed to read the telegrams out. They were full of love and good wishes with many a sly joke.

As he opened the fifth, the reader frowned and scratched his head. Then he said slowly: "This one's a rum go. Can't understand it."

"Read it out, George."

"Well, it's addressed to Perkins, Copley Junction, Herts, and it says: 'Confirm arriving eight o'clock tonight, stop. Require light vegetarian supper only, stop. Look forward to meeting your therapeutic horse.' And it's signed 'Miles Flood.'"

"Do you know anyone called 'Miles Flood,' Barry?" Cathleen asked.

"No, darling," Barry said. "But wait a minute—I do know the name." He rubbed his chin. "Ah, got it! He's the looney artist, the one who always paints horses. He's the chap who paid fifty guineas for a futurist drawing of the Derby and made a public bonfire of it in the courtyard of the Royal Academy—as a protest, he said, against an insult to the noblest of animals."

"Maybe," said Ted Perkins heavily, "he's not so looney as you think. But what sort of a horse did he say he was looking forward to meeting?"

"A 'therapeutic' one."

Ted frowned. "There's fillies and there's colts," he said. "There's stallions, there's geldings and there's mares. There's Rosie, as game a mare as ever stepped, God bless 'er." He blinked. "But this thera . . . thera-whatever-it-is, that's a sort of a horse I never heard of."

Cathleen laughed. "Good thing you've got a nurse for a daughter-in-law, Mr. Perkins. That's something I can tell you. It means something that's going to help a cure."

"But why should he send a wire to us?" Barry shook his head. "Must be a mistake. Read the next one George."

George read the remaining telegrams. Then somebody sat down at the piano, and somebody else brought out an accordion. The strains of "The Blue Danube" surged through the applause, setting the young men and the girls dancing. The landlord brought in a tray heavy with pints of old and mild for the gentlemen and little glasses of port and gin and lime for the ladies.

IT was just on closing time in The Three Pigeons at Copley, where Mr. Morgan the farmer had not only had an agreeable morning but had also done a nice bit of business. He'd sold Rose of Sharon at a profit.

At twelve fifteen, just as he was thinking of taking the mare home, who had come in but old Foxy Williams, the general dealer. They'd had a few whiskies together for Foxy wasn't one for beer. Always went for spirits.

"That's not a bad looking mare you got in the yard, Mr. Morgan," he said easily. "How old would she be now?"

"Six," said Mr. Morgan promptly.

"Hm," said Foxy Williams. "I took the liberty of having a look at her teeth coming in. Whoever told you she was six was having you on, Mr. Morgan. She's rising eleven or twelve. But she's not bad-looking for her age," he said tolerantly, "not bad at all. Thinking of selling her?"

"No," said Mr. Morgan. "I'm not. A hundred quid wouldn't buy that mare. Not a hundred quid. Drop of whisky, Mr. Williams?"

"I don't mind if I do. If ever you change your mind about the mare, let me know. I might go up to fifty."

"Fifty! For a Clydesdale the like of . . . of . . . what's her name now? Oh yes, Rose of Sharon, but they call her Rosie." Morgan laughed his genial laugh. "No, Mr. Williams, I wouldn't take a penny under a hundred quid. But I'll tell you what I have got that might interest you. There's a field of roots of mine that only wants lifting. Going cheap they are, the roots. . . ."

Foxy Williams didn't want the roots, but he did want the mare. In the end, he got her for £52 10s.

"Leave her where she is, Mr. Morgan," he said. "I'll pick her up on my way home this evening. I take it she's been fed?"

"Naturally she's been fed," said Mr. Morgan. He was well pleased with his morning and he added humorously: "Don't forget that she's very fussy. Used to a pound of onions and a bottle of port wine of a Sunday."

The two gentlemen stood each other one for the road, and by then it was closing time.

When the last customer had gone, the barman began to tidy up. When he had washed up the glasses, he collected the litter, cigarette butts and empty packets into a pile. He opened the door to sweep the refuse into the yard, and saw the big dapple-grey tied to the wooden rail, standing in hopeless patience in the blazing sunshine.

Though he was a Londoner who knew little about horses, he sensed her discomfort. It couldn't be right to leave a horse all day in the sun like that. He put down his broom and nervously untied the knot in the rope. He led her slowly into the shade and tied her to the wheel of a broken farm cart. There were chickens roosting on the cart and he shooed them away.

Then he stood back and looked at the mare. She was sweating a little. Maybe she could do with a drink. He filled a bucket with cold water from the pump and gave it to her. She sniffed at the water and drank greedily. When the bucket was drained, he refilled it and again she drank.

He felt he'd like to give her a bite to eat, but he didn't know what horses ate. Perhaps she'd like an apple. An apple couldn't do her any harm. He went into the kitchen and took the biggest apple he could find and brought it out to her. She ate it avidly.

"Blimey," he said, "I'd rather keep you for a day than a month."

Later, down in the basin below the town, a canal barge hooted and Rosie swung her head round and pricked up her ears as if she were listening to a sweet, remembered sound. But the canal boat went on its way, and there was only the clucking of the chickens and the rhythmic rumble of the barman snoring in the parlour. . . .

Now the time had come for Cathleen Perkins to change out of her shimmering white dress, for soon the nurses would be going back to the hospital and she would be going to her new home.

She slipped away when she thought no one was looking, but as she glanced back at the dancers, she caught a glimpse of Barry, her husband. He was looking directly at her, and for no good reason that she could think of at the moment, she was overcome with embarrassment.

Now that was a silly thing to be, for here she was, an old married woman, married for nearly five hours—well call it four and three-quarters anyway—so what was she doing blushing at the sight of a man and he her own wedded husband?

She fled upstairs and began to change, stopping every now and then to gaze with a sense of incredulity at the plain gold ring on her finger.

When she was ready and her suitcase was packed, she came shyly downstairs in her new tweed skirt and linen blouse. The next few minutes passed in a sort of daze. There were smiling faces to be kissed—even the matron unbent to proffer a marble cheek. There was talk and laughter and singing. "I hope you're able to swim, Cathleen. . . ." "If you mess up his breakfast, he'll make you walk the plank. . . ." "Don't forget to bring me back a parrot." . . . "Now, all together boys—*'A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep. . . .'*"

More confetti in her hair, more handshakes, more kisses—and then she and Barry were by themselves, walking side by side across the fields to the canal.

SOMEONE had tied an old shoe to the stern of the butty and chalked the words "Just married" on the hull. Cathleen vanished into the cabin and began to unpack. She saw that Mabel Perkins—her mother-in-law—had put a big bunch of roses on the shelf and that everything was already prepared for supper. Her own life as a housewife would begin tomorrow morning when she would cook breakfast.

"I'll go up and say good night to Dad and Mum, Cath," Barry said.

"All right, darling."

He kissed her tenderly. "Did you get supper ready?"

"Your mother did that. But I'll do it tomorrow night, I promise. I've been reading books about cooking."

"And breakfast in the morning?"

"And breakfast, too. Go on up now and see your parents."

He jumped ashore and walked to the motor-boat. His parents were in the stern. He said awkwardly: "Thanks for doing the supper, Mum."

"I was glad to. All settled in?"

"Yes. All settled in."

Ted Perkins looked up. He said: "I've lengthened the tow-rope to a hundred feet, son, so it'll be like being on your own, you and Cathleen. And I thought we'd lie up tonight beyond the lock at Keatsfield. . . . Then Mum and me's going to the pictures, so we won't see you till tomorrow morning."

"All right, Dad. Cathleen looked lovely at the wedding, didn't she?"

"You're a lucky man, son."

"Don't I know it! Well, good night, Dad."

"Good night, son."

"Good night, Mum. Thanks again."

"Good night, Barry." She hesitated. "And God bless both of you."

"He's blessed me already."

He turned and went back to the butty and climbed aboard. Cathleen had put a coloured scarf over her hair, and she smiled at him. He said huskily: "You look very pretty . . . Mrs. Perkins." He grinned at her, sharing a private joke. "If I may make so bold."

"You're not bad-looking yourself . . . Mr. Perkins. If I . . . may make so bold."

He put his arm around her waist

ONCE my heart with love did burn,
And in my bed I'd twist and turn
— with thoughts of you
But now my heart it burns again,
This time with Indigestion pain.
And now my midnight heart's desire
Is Rennies
— to put out the 'fire'

RENNIES

and his free hand on the rudder. She covered his hand with her own, snuggling into the crook of his arm. Already the diesel engine in the motor-boat was throbbing and it was moving slowly away from them. The long tow-rope uncoiled and splashed into the water, trailing, and then it was drawn out of the water, sprinkling the rippling surface of the canal with a million multi-coloured drops.

It tightened and twisted and became taut, and the butty gave an almost imperceptible jerk and moved forward, gliding easily between the fields of ripening corn and the green pastures where the cattle looked up lazily to see them pass.

At the end of the six o'clock news that evening, the following announcement was made on the Home Service of the B.B.C.:

"An attempted hold-up took place at midday today at a bank at Swiss Cottage, London. Three men were involved and a shot was fired at a mounted police officer who tried to intercept the men as they made off in a waiting car. Later, three men were detained. An intensive search is being made for the revolver with which the shot was fired. . . ."

Doug Montgomery, diminutive Regent's Park angler, turned off the wireless and looked with terror-stricken eyes at his sister Glad.

A few minutes later, brother and sister slipped out by the back door and made for the telephone kiosk on the corner. Even with the added height given by all the telephone books placed one on top of the other on the floor, Doug still had difficulty in reaching the telephone. With a shaking finger, he dialled 999 and asked for Police.

"Listen, Mister," he said breathlessly when he got through, "me and me sister was fishing in the canal when the gangsters did the stick-up at Swiss Cottage. Throwed the gun in the canal they did, beyond the bridge where we was fishing, the one with a hole in the wire where you get into the zoo for nothing. That's where they threw it and goodbye, and we're not talking any more, my sister and me. . . ."

"Hold on a minute, sonny. What's your name and where are you——"

But Doug and Glad had gone.

Within a matter of minutes, Scotland Yard was on the telephone to Thames Division, Metropolitan Police.

"Hullo. Superintendent please."

"Superintendent speaking."

"About this Swiss Cottage job. We've had a tip-off that the revolver was thrown into the zoo section of the Regent's Canal. Can you send a dragging team? All right, Super, all right. What are you complaining about? Bring your bikini with you. Lovely weather for a swim. . . ."

It was a few minutes after six o'clock when Foxy Williams the general dealer returned to The Three Pigeons at Copley to fetch his new purchase. As he came in, the barman turned off the wireless. "Been another hold-up in London, Mr. Williams," he said. "Three blokes in it. One of them shot at a policeman." He sighed. "Wish I was back in London. There's always a bit of fun going on in London. By the way, I gave that horse of yours a bucket of water and something to eat."

"Oh, that was kind of you," said Mr. Williams in his lilting Welsh singsong. "Here is a sixpence for yourself. Well, I'll be taking her away now. You say she's had something to eat?"

"Sure, Mr. Williams. She's had a mouthful—and I moved her into the shade."

"That was kind of you too."

He went out into the cobbled yard. Rose of Sharon was still tied to the wheel of the farm cart and, as he approached her, he saw that her head was down a little and that she looked tired. The chickens were picking unafraid around her hoofs, sure that no kick remained in those patient muscles.

When she heard Mr. Williams's step she glanced at him out of the heel of her eye and she became aware of him, aware of a stranger.

This was not the human being who had smartly smacked her flank. It was not the human being from whom she had received the first smack in her tranquil life. But if one strange hand could smack, so could another.

She pulled hard at her rope, trying to get away. He untied the knot and pulled roughly at her mouth. She threw up her head, wrenching his arm.

His eyes narrowed. Deliberately he transferred the rope from his right hand to his left. He took his ash stick and hit her a resounding blow across the rump. The mare reared up, her forelegs thrashing, striking a shower of sparks as she came down on the cobbles.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said Mr. Williams thickly. "Come quietly now and no more tricks."

NEARLY an hour later, Rosie was led into an outhouse where the door hung on one hinge. Mr. Williams tied her to an iron rail. Then he went to call his wife Clynia.

She came out from the kitchen, drying her hands on her apron. She was a woman with a slack figure and hard eyes and she ran her critical glance over the mare.

"She's not bad, Dai. How much did you give for her?"

"Fifty-two pound ten shillings."

"It's a terrible lot of money. What's her name?"

"Rose of Sharon."

"Oh, Dai, that's a good name, a holy name. That's a name from the Bible, from the Song of Songs." She began to croon, her eyelids drooping like two bits of dirty sticking plaster, her thin body swaying. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys . . . the voice of my beloved! Behold he cometh, leaping upon the

Mr Trouble hasn't tumbled to it yet!

But most men have. Paton's *Classic* — the world's best selling Laces, stay smart and firmly tied all day . . . and they're extra long wearing into the bargain.
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Now looking the picture of health, Mr. Thomas Sterling of 'Gluvian Farm', St. Mawgan, Newquay, writes to say how Fynnon Salt brought him relief from rheumatic pain: '. . . I suffered from . . . rheumatism in as much that on more than one occasion I had to be brought in from different parts of my farm . . . absolutely helpless followed by several days in bed . . . somebody suggested Fynnon Salt . . . now at the age of 56 I suffer little or no pain . . . I am never without a tin'. *This letter — typical of hundreds received — can be seen at our offices.*

RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

Recent findings show that, although the more persistent kinds of rheumatism develop later in life, the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis and lumbago are between 25 and 45 and that the improper elimination of waste matter from the body frequently contributes to rheumatic conditions.

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THE FYNNON CO., BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX

"Girls *can* do a man-size job–if they eat properly"

SAYS SENIOR W.R.N.S. OFFICER

A Senior Wren Officer explains to Mary Brown how a really good breakfast helps girls in the W.R.N.S. to do arduous jobs as efficiently as men.

"NOW that the Navy is enlisting girls to do the jobs that used to be done by men, the authorities are very conscious of the extra responsibility entailed," said the Senior Wren Officer, who looks after girls as they enter the Senior Service.

"Many young women come to us direct from school. Few of them have lived away from home before. Their formative years lie ahead. We realize that these young people require special care. They get regular hours, of course, and regular exercise. But, *all-important in our view is the food they eat.* After all, how can you expect a girl to do a man-size job unless she is getting the *right* sort of meals? That is why the Navy appoints trained dieticians to supervise their diets.

Doctors stress importance of first meal of the day

"Nowadays, our doctors place particular importance on breakfast—especially for young people. They even go so far as to say that a third of the daily calories should be taken at this time! We all realize that there is a big gap between supper and breakfast—and that a lot of energy is used up during sleep. So we plan a really well-balanced meal first thing in the morning.

The way to start

"Breakfast usually begins with a helping of ready-to-eat cereal—with milk and sugar. This supplies valuable carbohydrates, which are very quickly converted into energy, plus the body-building protein in the milk. The second course is cooked and contributes more protein. The girls then have tea and as much bread, butter and marmalade as they can eat!

Good breakfast ensures efficient morning's work

"With this really substantial meal inside them girls work efficiently and well. There is no lagging behind as the morning wears on. Everyone feels absolutely up to scratch—right up until lunch time."

All young people need to start the day well

The fact that Naval dieticians and other authorities in charge of young people in all sorts of *different* ways of life—university students, school children, nurses, soldiers, and airmen, to name only a few—see that a really substantial breakfast is eaten by those in their care, means that more and more official recognition is being given to the importance of the first meal of the day. *But all young people need to start the day off with a really good meal.* In fact, those that live at home and have long journeys to their places of work or study often need *even more* energy-giving foods to do their jobs efficiently!

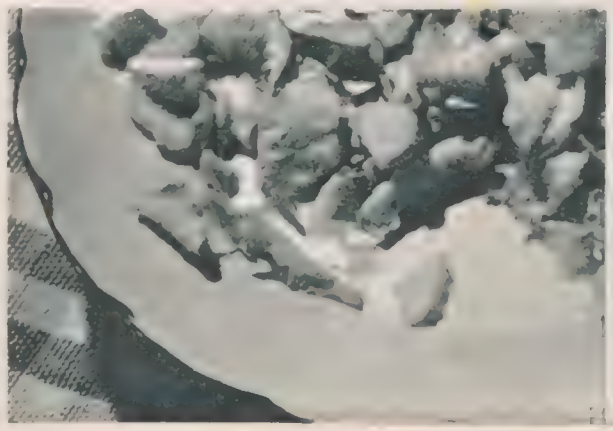
Doctors advise mothers to supervise morning meal

Doctors today advise mothers to keep a strict eye on what their sons and daughters—and husbands, too—have for breakfast. *Never* let them rush off with only a cup of tea and toast. If every young person—and every older person who has a job of work to do—made sure of an ample energy-giving first meal by taking a bowlful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar with their breakfast they'd *feel* much better and do their jobs much more efficiently.

And please remember that Kellogg's is ready to eat, needs no time-wasting preparation, leaves no washing-up of messy pots and pans.

***The Navy are looking for bright, intelligent girls to fill important positions. To find out about the kind of job that *you* could do write to: The Director, W.R.N.S., Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, London, S.W.1.**

**Ratings of the W.R.N.S. do maintenance work on aircraft for the Fleet Air Arm. Many of the jobs they do are on a par with those done by naval officers and sailors. That is why the Admiralty sees that they get a man-size breakfast. They often start with Kellogg's Corn Flakes or Rice Krispies with milk and sugar!*



What a Wren has for breakfast

Three typical breakfast menus:

Cereal
Fish Cakes
Sauce
Bread & Butter
Marmalade
Tea

★

Bacon and
Potato Cakes
Bread & Butter
Marmalade
Tea

★

Cereal
Bacon & Egg
Bread & Butter
Marmalade
Tea

Does your *family breakfast measure up to this standard?*

mountains, skipping upon the hills." The sticking-plaster eyelids flicked upwards, revealing eyes the colour of slate. "Has she had anything to eat?"

"Yes. The barman at The Three Pigeons fed her."

"Good. We couldn't afford to feed her with oats the price they are. Tomorrow, if the gipsies are buying at the fair, we should make a profit. With a name like hers we shall surely be blessed. We are sure to make a nice profit. . . ."

At Keatsfield Station, a mile and more across the fields from the lock, a very irascible old gentleman climbed out of a first-class compartment of the London train. He had difficulty with his suitcases and painting equipment, and shouted angrily at the solitary uniformed man on the platform.

"Hi, you, porter. Come here and help me with my luggage, blast you."

"Who?"

"You. Porter."

"I'm the station-master."

"Well, where the hell's the porter?"

"There isn't any porter."

"Well get me a taxi then."

"There isn't any taxi."

It took Miles Flood half an hour of argument, explanation and threat before his luggage was locked in the station-master's office and he set off fuming in search of the Perkins's barge.

THE church clock over the fields was chiming the quarter and Keatsfield Lock was a good quarter of a mile astern when Ted Perkins steered the motor boat into the reeds and cut off the diesel.

In the quiet that followed, Barry heard the rattle of the key in the lock of the cabin, and then the retreating sound of footsteps as his parents made their way to a cinema.

This was the first moment when Barry and Cathleen were really alone together, and now they were very shy of each other. Sounds hitherto unnoticed came to Cathleen's ears and it seemed that the twilight was full of movement. She heard water rippling past, she heard a fish jump, she heard the wind in the reeds. She said in a whisper: "It's quite still, Barry, and yet I can hear the wind."

"So can I. Do you know what the wind says in the reeds?"

"No. Do you?"

"It says: 'Midas has asses' ears.'"

She shut her eyes. She was deeply content to wait, to listen with joy to her husband's quiet voice.

"How do you know it says that?"

"Everybody knows the story about King Midas."

"I don't. Tell me."

"Oh, once upon a time there was a greedy king called Midas, so they decided to punish him by giving him asses' ears."

"Who decided to punish him? Who's they?"

"Don't interrupt or I won't tell you the rest. He woke up one morning and

"Fancy bumping into you like this"

there they were, long and grey and covered with hair. So that no one would know that he had asses' ears, he designed a hat to hide them, and made everybody in the kingdom wear the same sort of hat. So nobody knew—until he had to have his hair cut. He swore the barber to secrecy, but the barber simply had to tell somebody or something, so he went into the fields, to the edge of a river, and he lay down on the bank and whispered into the reeds, 'Midas has asses' ears,' and the reeds have been saying it ever since, repeating it over and over again when the wind stirs them. That's all."

"Do you know a lot of stories like that, Barry?'

"Plenty. I used to read them when I was a prisoner of war and then tell them back to myself."

She gave a great sigh. Unaccountably, in the last moment, her mood had changed, for time was not standing still and this was her wedding night.

She said with what she hoped was the resigned air of an experienced housewife: "Supper's ready, Barry."

"It's an odd thing, but I'm not terribly hungry."

"Neither am I. And I've had next to nothing to eat all day. Queer, isn't it?"

"It's a cold supper. We could always eat it . . . later."

"Yes. That's true. Or even tomorrow."

"Or even tomorrow. Let's not bother about supper, Cath."

She put her hand in his. "All right, darling." She swallowed. "I'll clear it all away while you smoke a cigarette on the roof."

She disappeared into the cabin. As she had told him to do, he lit a cigarette, flipping the still burning match into the water, where it fell with a little hiss. From the cabin he heard sounds: the rattle of plates and the jingle of knives and forks, the opening and shutting of a drawer, the folding up of the table, the letting down of their bed, the straightening of bed clothes and the patting of pillows, the faint rustle of her own clothes as she tried to undress in silence. Then there *was* silence, complete silence, and he knew with great tenderness that she must be saying her prayers. That took a long time. He heard her rise from her knees and get into bed, doing it as quietly as she could. With a sense of wonder, he knew that the time had come for him to join Cath, to join his wife.

He stood up, straightening his broad shoulders, and looked up at the summer sky bright with stars. He was just turning to open the door of the cabin when he heard the crunch of feet on the towpath. He listened intently as the steps came nearer. He peered into the dusk and saw a dim figure, the figure of a man. The man stopped by the stern of the butty, breathing heavily. He barked in the silence, "Is there anybody there?"

"Yes. There is somebody here. What do you want?"

"Are you the bargee? Your name Perkins?"

"My name is Barry Perkins and I am in charge of this boat. Who are you and what do you want?"

"What do I want? I've walked two blasted miles to find you and you have the confounded nerve to ask me what I want. My name's Miles Flood and I'm coming to London with you. Dammit, man, I took the trouble to send you a telegram."

"You're coming to London with us?"

"Yes. I—am—coming—to London—with—you. Is that clear? Here, read this." He thrust a sheet of paper into Barry's hand.

It was too dark to read. Barry said sharply, "Wait. I'll get a torch."

He opened the cabin door. Cath was sitting up in bed, wide-eyed. She said in a frightened voice, "What is it, darling?"

And he said, "Some frightful mistake. Don't worry, dearest."

He stepped out of the cabin, closing the door behind him, and flashed the torch on the sheet of paper:

BRITISH TRANSPORT COMMISSION

Arrangements have been made for Miles Flood, R.A., to be taken on board the pair of boats at Keatsfield and transported to London. Mr. Flood, who is undertaking this journey on medical advice, should be offered every courtesy and assistance.

Barry looked at the figure on the tow-path. He folded up the sheet of paper and handed it back in silence.

"Simple, the whole thing. Told you I was Miles Flood. Don't suppose you've ever heard of me. I paint. Horses mostly. My doctor, a blasted fool, said I'd been overworking. Needed a rest, he said. Didn't believe a word of it till I found I'd lost the knack—of painting horses, I mean. Couldn't even draw them any more. Went back to the vet. He fixed up this trip for me. Therapeutic, he said. So out of my way. I'm coming aboard."

Barry said quietly, "I'm sorry, sir. You can't come aboard."

"Can't come aboard! Can you read?"

KEEPING his temper with difficulty, Barry said: "I can read perfectly well. And I can only regret that you've had this long walk for nothing. There is no available accommodation on this boat for you, and that is final. I am just going to turn in, so all I can do is to wish you good night."

"You wish me good night, do you? And where the hell do you expect me to spend it? Do you expect me to walk back to that squint-eyed dolt of a station-master and sleep among the milk churns?"

He jumped aboard, opened the cabin door and peered inside. He staggered back.

"Good God!" he said. "A woman! You've got a woman aboard. What goes on in this canal life nowadays? Young women in their night attire——"

Barry Perkins strode between Miles Flood and the cabin door.

He faced him and said in a low voice, "Get out."

"I will do no such thing. Debauchery on a——"

"I will give you till I count five to get off this boat. One."

"I have no intention of getting off this boat."

"Two."

"If you dare lay a finger——"

"Three."

"——on me, I'll have you prosecuted. It's a conspiracy, that's what it is. A conspiracy to——"

"Four."

"Here I am and here I stay. Furthermore——"

"Five."

To be concluded next week

MURDER ON THE WEDDING EVE

Continued from page 23

sweetmeats. "Halva," he said, identifying the white confection, and then he surrendered to temptation. "Almond-flavoured," he announced, as he took another piece and followed his sergeant into the garden.

He looked at the gun his men had dredged out of the pool and congratulated them on their thoroughness. There would not be much chance of finding fingerprints: mud and water would have smudged them. He had the weapon sent to ballistics.

They had found the two ejected shells—the third had jammed the mechanism. There was nothing else. The ground was too hard for defined footprints, although there was the faint imprint of a man's shoe near the wall that enclosed the garden.

Beyond the wall was the citrus grove where Risa had been attacked, according to his story. Chafik was unhappy and said: "Well, the stick that Majid bloodied on somebody else's head will have to tell us about that."

He stood in the street for a final survey before leaving for headquarters. It was Noemi's wedding day, thought Chafik, and felt compassion and disgust and anger.

He crossed the road to a public telephone box, and something clicked and hummed in his mind. "An excellent view from here, Abdullah," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"One can see both the garden and the adjoining grove. Have this instrument dusted for prints."

"And whose am I to find, sir?"

"That depends. If my midnight caller was human, you will find his. Or you may be rewarded with the prints of the individual responsible for the death of Sheik Majid."

The inspector got into his car. His fingers were sticky from the filched sweetmeat—halva clung like glue—and he licked his fingers reflectively. . . .

His office was on Rashid Street, the main thoroughfare of Baghdad. The shutters were closed against the sun, and, as the day wore on, the small room became filled with smoke; a pyramid of cigarette butts bore witness to Chafik's concentration. He was a tidy man and liked everything sorted out before he began to weave his solution, but in this case there were broken threads and he was distressed.

The reports that came in about Risa made an ugly case: the pathologist stated that the hairs mingled with the blood on Sheik Majid's stick came from the young man's head. The inspector had Risa brought to him.

HE was a sullen witness and said: "I know nothing except what I told you." He refused to admit to a rendezvous with Noemi.

"It is curious," Chafik said wearily, "how the process of breeding an officer and a gentleman destroys the more human instinct for preservation. Take this gentleman away!"

He added another butt to the neat pile in the ash tray. A vision of Noemi's face with its huge frightened eyes drifted in the smoke of a fresh cigarette. In a few hours' time she would become Tarik's bride, and the inspector, not a profane man, swore.

Abdullah came into the room as silently as if he had materialized.

"You are bursting with news," Chafik said.

"Yes, sir." The sergeant placed the automatic found in the pool on the inspector's desk. "Nothing," he said. "It did kill Sheik Majid, but as we feared, there are no defined prints. Nothing except a foreign substance on the butt which is being analysed."

Chafik could see a whitish smear in the corrugations, and he picked at it with a penknife as he listened.

"No possibility of tracing the serial number," Abdullah went on. "Illegal entry of lethal weapon into this country, sir."

"Abdullah, your real news, please?" Chafik said.

"Sir, it is about the telephone box near the house of Madame Ursule. There *were* fingerprints——"

"Ah! So my midnight caller did have a body."

"Yes, sir—a dead body. The fingerprints were Sheik Majid's." The sergeant dropped his news like a

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bombshell, but the inspector went on picking at the substance on the gun.

"He had a nice voice," Chafik said mildly. "He wasn't a bad man, you know. Too ambitious. Politics." He shrugged. "I have a medical report here which says the sheik was fatally sick, so the gun anticipated the inevitable. . . ."

The inspector thoughtfully looked at the substance that adhered to the point of his penknife. Then he carefully tasted it. He announced, "Almond-flavoured——"

Suddenly he struck the desk with his fist; his face looked like a bronze mask, and his eyes reflected the fire of the stone set in his signet ring. He said: "Let us stop this unholy marriage!"

NOEMI'S marriage was being held in her stepmother's house. The big room where Chafik had interviewed Ursule was now divided by a curtain. On one side waited the bride and her womenfolk, hidden from the eyes of men; on the other side sat the bridegroom and his attendants, with a white-robed mullah who inspected documents. The bridegroom slyly took sweetmeats from his pocket and chewed steadily; his eyes were on the curtain that hid Noemi.

The official finally put away the documents. "All is in order, the contract is correct," he said. He looked at Tarik, sighed, shook his head, and then turned to the curtain behind which the bride waited. "Noemi, daughter of Majid," he said, "do you accept or oppose this union?"

"It is opposed!" said a voice from the door, and Inspector Chafik burst into the room. "A thousand pardons for this melodrama; there was no time to send in my card——"

He crossed the big room, his shoes silent on the fine Bokhara rug; his white suit was crumpled, his polka-dot tie askew. "Reverend sir," he said to the mullah, "the curtain that discreetly hides the bride also hides the pinches that force her submission——"

"Explain," said the dignitary.

Chafik bowed and turned to Tarik, who was fumbling in his pocket for the only comfort he knew. "You went to a party last night," Chafik said. "There were many guests and you were confused."

"So many guests——" mumbled the bridegroom, chewing.

"And one came to you and took you aside?" The inspector spoke gently as to a child. "You remember—a stranger, a man with a beard, who told you distressing news about Noemi?"

Tarik's round face grew pale. "The man with the beard!" he wailed. "He told me Noemi had a lover. He told me I was not a man unless—unless. . . . Aunt! Aunt!" cried the youth, his eyes searching wildly.

Ursule flung back the curtains, saying, "Silence, you fool!" but Sergeant Abdullah was waiting and his dark hand gagged her.

Chafik ignored the interruption. "The stranger told you to come here at midnight," he told Tarik. "And he gave you a gun and warned you not to tell anybody——"

"He gave me a gun——"

"Then he went away."

"He went away. I looked for him but could not find him again——"

"And what did you do then?"

"I came here at midnight and there was a man waiting for Noemi and I shot him and——"

"Aunt came?" asked Chafik.

"Aunt came. She took the gun and threw it away. She told me to go away and come back in a carriage and not know anything—Aunt! Aunt! This man looks at me! He makes me talk!" Tarik cried.

Ursule made throttled noises; she was helpless in Abdullah's grip.

"Your fingers were sticky from sweetmeats," the inspector said to Tarik. "They always are," he added gently. "They left their trace—halva—on the gun. But you have talked enough and eaten enough," Chafik added with compassion for the creature.

He looked at the mullah. "Reverend sir, the law forbids this union."

"That is true," agreed the old man. "There is blood between these people, although it would appear that the sheik arranged his own death."

"He could do nothing else, sir. He was a stateless man and a dying one, and his only thought was to save his daughter. So he arranged that he should be killed by the bridegroom, and then he called me to the scene of his death, to capture Tarik red-handed. The plan almost failed. My arrival was delayed by Risa."

Chafik fumbled with a cigarette. "First the sheik stopped his daughter from keeping her rendezvous with Risa; she did not know it was her father who brought her that false message cancelling the rendezvous. And then, fearing Risa would frighten Tarik away, he ambushed Risa and struck him down. Risa recovered too soon, sidetracked me, and gave Ursule time to get Tarik away——"

FOR the first time, the inspector looked at the woman. "Lies come smoothly to your lips," he said. "It was Tarik you saw in the garden, not Risa as you told me. You just had time to get your nephew away after the shooting, no time at all to examine the body, which you were sure was Risa's. What a shock, madame, when I turned the dead face of Noemi's father toward you. Did it mock? Did those lips seem to say, This is my victory? The law will be kind to Tarik, not quite a man, but the law will be harsh with you, madame."

Chafik went quietly from the room. He stopped in the garden to look at the evening sky. He thought how pleased Leila would be with the romantic conclusion, and smiled with indulgence.

Even the gossip of a woman, ground in God's mill, makes a fine, white flour, he thought, and as he lighted a cigarette, he said: "I, of course, am a reliable millstone." THE END

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross *I & Co.I*, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated Oct. 22 and in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, Oct. 15, for early news of No. 2,007 result.)

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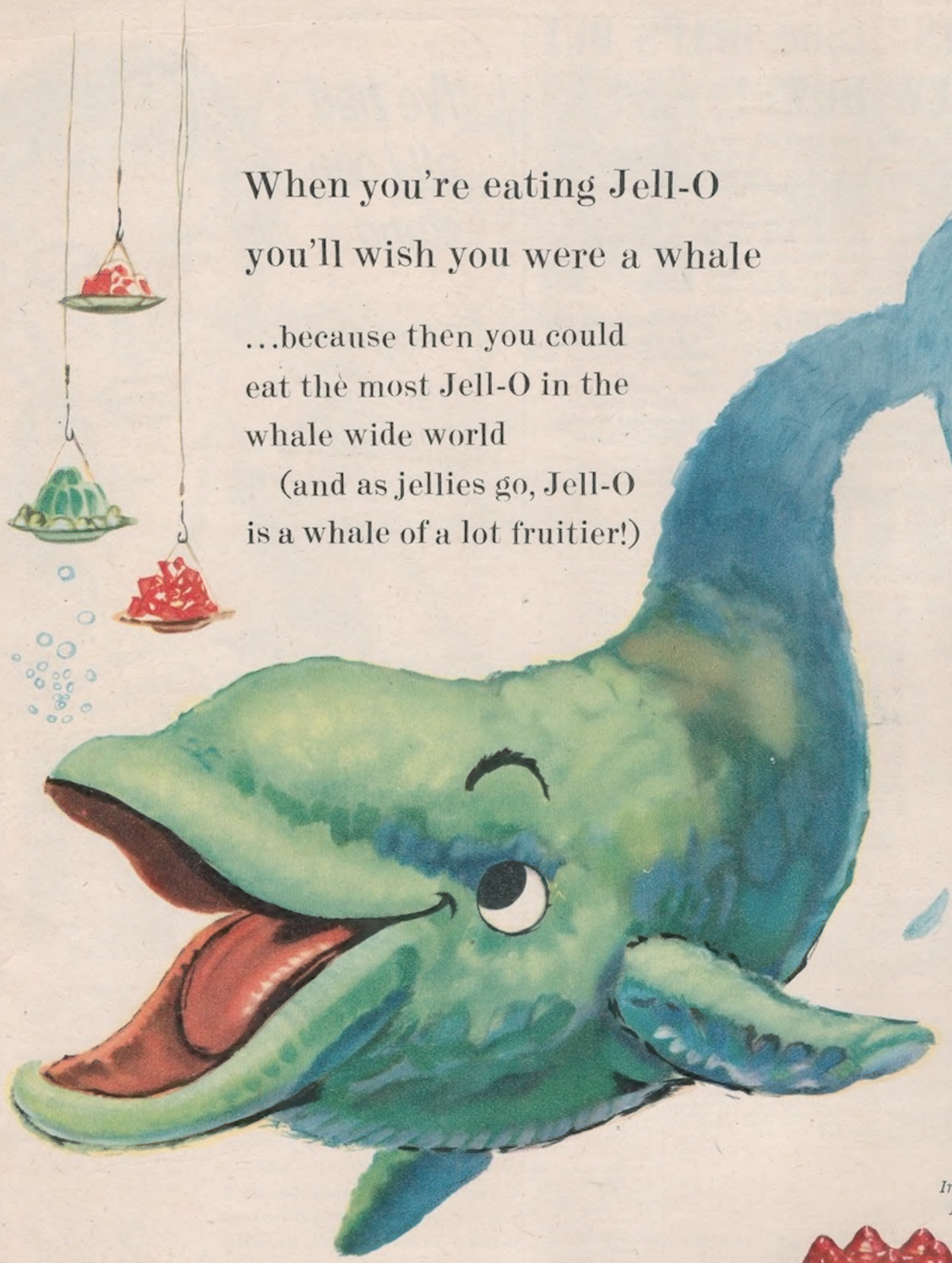

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